

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 123.—VOL. V.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 6,

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

THE NEW STATE SENATE.

PUBLIC opinion drifts decidedly towards an increase of numbers in the lower house of the Legislature. We shall not be surprised if the Constitutional Convention propose an Assembly of five hundred. It is well established as a principle among us that the law-making body should consist of two houses, in order to ensure longer deliberation over proposed laws and more careful examination. If these two houses are to act as checks the one upon the other, it is plain that they ought not to be like each other, but unlike. They should have antagonistic qualities. Hot impulse needs to come in collision with cold caution; the rashness of early life with the deliberate thoughtfulness of age; the boldness of the enthusiastic reformer, however well meant, will be more useful and more likely to do good if tempered by contact with the timidity and dislike of change which grows upon us with our years. "Make haste slowly" is an all-important maxim in legislation. History proves that all human progress, to be of permanent good, must be slow. This is a law imposed by higher authority than that of legislatures and parliaments, and a law against which men, under rash leaders, have fought time and again in vain. The English people have gained the freedom they now enjoy by the hard, slow, gradual work of eight hundred years. We took, by the easy process of inheritance, what they had earned. We are now in danger of losing our liberties, while the English are in no such danger.

The numbers in the lower house should be as great as are compatible with the discharge of its duties of originating and discussing changes in the law; for the larger its number, the more thoroughly will the community be represented in it, the more surely will all classes of thought among the people be heard there; as they should be. The Senate should consist of as few members as will be equal to its proper duty, that of revising the work of the lower house. In a representative body of great number, measures will be carried by the eloquence of leaders and by that sympathetic force which is evolved in all crowds; as a check upon this we need the discussion peculiar to a small council, where every member can, without wasting the time of his fellows, give his views, and where, for want of their proper atmosphere, *ad captandum* appeals will fall dead. The lower house should consist of as many as will not by their numbers hinder business; the Senate should be as few as can do the work.

We trust the convention will not forget that senate means an assemblage of old men, and that they will make the attainment of the age of forty years a qualification for membership of that body. The example of Henry Clay, who went into the Senate of the United States at a very early age, will be cited against us. But Mr. Clay was a rare and exceptional instance among men. Nevertheless we doubt not he was wiser after forty than he was before. Mr. Clay's political career was not entirely successful for himself nor for his party. Many who warmly admire him think he made mistakes at an early period in his public life which hindered him throughout his career. It may be that, if his highest prominence had been delayed a little, these mistakes would have been avoided, to his own advantage and that of the country. It is not only age that we need in senators, but experience. A greater age is required in them not because age always gives wisdom, but because it is one of the elements which make wisdom probable. The object is to secure men of experience in law-making and the science of government. Young men may be thoroughly well read in the convictions of other men, but that does not impart the faith in and devotion to correct principles which comes after personal observation of the evil results from unwise legislation. Young men are apt to be

impatient of immediate evils; old men have learned to bear inconveniences if necessary to avoid future permanent evil. The worst errors in our legislation may be traced to this spirit of impatience with present inconveniences. The legal-tender act was passed to get rid of a temporary hardship, while the warnings of experience that so gross a lie would lead, as it always had led, to greater suffering were loud but unheeded. The imposition of an irresponsible police upon this city was the consequence of an early error by which, to get rid of some slight evils of executive patronage, we had deprived the chief magistrate of the State of control over the peace of every part of the state, through deputies appointed by himself in the persons of the sheriffs. Our tendency is to hasty and impatient legislation. Unless the Senate can be made an efficient check upon this tendency, a senate is of no use.

In order to secure men of wisdom, character, and experience in the Senate, we must act on the principle that public servants, like private servants, require pay. We must offer attractive rewards for public service. The present low average of our public men is not due simply to the unwillingness of the people to choose good men, but also to the unwillingness of the proper men to enter into public life. The present promise of reward is insufficient. This reward can take but two shapes: pecuniary compensation and the honor of the station. We offer neither. The present pay of a state senator is less than that of a journeyman carpenter. In other words, no journeyman carpenter can afford to give up his business and go to the Senate. Nor is the distinction attached to the office of state senator equal to that of a bank president or railroad superintendent. We would not rely entirely on pecuniary compensation; but we would make this, if any is given, approach the compensation in private pursuits for equal labor. The fewer the senators are, the more we can afford to pay to each one. The services of a senator are worth more than those of a judge of the Court of Appeals. An important duty of the Court of Appeals is to prevent individuals being injured by legislation which is contrary to the great law of the Constitution. The Senate should prevent such legislation and thereby save the whole people from its evils. The prevention is the cheaper as well as the more effectual process.

A place in the Senate of this state may be made as attractive in profit and dignity as a seat in the Senate of the United States. If this can be done we shall soon have at least as able a body of men in our own Senate as they have at Washington. Make the place attractive to them and able men will compete for it, and whenever abler men are willing to compete for it the less worthy will disappear. If we would have a greater number of the able men among us doing service to the public we must make places in public life for them. The places which would satisfy the ambition of men of the highest qualities are not sufficient in number to attract from private pursuits so many of them as, among four millions of people, we need. The rare prize of the Presidency, a United States senatorship, and the governorship of the state are the only great prizes to be won in a political career. Make the great prizes more numerous and we shall have a more numerous body of competitors of the quality that is necessary for good and wise government. The Senate of this state should be a body into which a United States senator or a governor of the state might step, after the expiration of their terms of office, without a loss of dignity.

To the end of securing such men, we should make the pay liberal and the term of office long. In our judgement, it should be six years. The people of this state are more numerous than the people of the United States were when the Union was formed. If six years was not too long then for a United States senator, it is none too long now for a state senator. The term of six years has worked well in the general government. At the time when it was most loudly complained of, during General Jackson's Presidency, it was working great good. The long term secured a majority in that body against General Jackson during a great portion of his administration. This majority obstructed the measures upon which the President and the lower House were agreed, but, notwith-

standing the impatient complaints of Mr. Benton and others at the time, the obstruction was doing great good. By means of the long obstruction the people were educated upon the principles which lay at the bottom of the controversy. To the fierce debates of that day we still resort for the best instruction on all great questions of public interest, on finance, the tariff, the powers of the state and general governments, and the powers of the several departments of the government. We have passed through a much fiercer contest lately, but the public debates of the period teach us nothing, for there were no debates worthy of the name. President, Senate, and the lower House were, throughout the whole period, all of one hue and the minority were silenced. The long term of a senator is an effectual mode of securing to minorities the privilege of being heard, and some control over public affairs.

Another means of securing the class of men we desire in the Senate is to give them large constituencies. Political parties are forced to put forward men of higher quality when canvassing for the votes of the whole people than when seeking a majority in an assembly district. Let the state be divided into only four senatorial districts and every senator would have a constituency of a million, which is as large as the constituency of a governor was a few years back. This city, with one or two near counties, would form one; Long Island and the river counties up to the Lakes another; the middle counties from the Pennsylvania line to the Lakes another; and the western end of the state the fourth. Each district would be, in a measure, peculiar and homogeneous in its origin, habits, pursuits, opinions. One senator elected in each district every year for a term of six years would give a senate of twenty-four, quite large enough if the originating of all bills be given to the lower House and the Senate be, as it should be, a council of revision. If this number be thought too small, elect two senators in each large district every year for a six-year term, and we have forty-eight.

The limitation of the session of the Legislature to one hundred days has proved to be an evil. It was intended to prevent too much legislation. It has operated to make legislation hurried and careless and has given us many more laws at every session than before. If we should pay the senators by the year and the members of Assembly by the day the interests of the two Houses in respect of long or short sessions would be opposed and we might thus secure a good mean.

It seems to us evident that, with a state senate such as we have proposed in existence heretofore, we should have secured the services of many men in it who, by the revolution of parties or changes in their own party, were forced into temporary or permanent retirement. Mr. Marcy, Mr. Dickinson, Governor Hunt, General Dix, Hamilton Fish, Governor King, Senator Harris, Governor Seymour, perhaps even ex-President Fillmore; none of this class of men would disdain going into a state senate so constituted after they had been released from other offices of high dignity, to say nothing of the many valuable men in private life whose ambition would be stirred by the prospect of a seat in such a senate. If we would have a valuable senate, we must make the Senate a place worthy of valuable men.

POLITICAL OFFENCES.

IN the late release of Mr. Davis the essence of the distinction between political and other offences called criminal is involved, and it is remarkable if not surprising that so many political journals which have opposed the measure should so persistently ignore this fact. The fate of Mr. Davis as an individual is, in the existing condition of affairs, comparatively unimportant. It is his inseparable relation to the southern people which should chiefly be considered, and which practically has been so considered in the recent policy which has been adopted. The *Herald's* fantastical suggestion that because the ex-President of the Confederacy has been enlarged on bail we should, therefore, repudiate the national debt, is characteristic, but no more reasonable than it would be for Mr. Bennett to go into a decline because Mr. Greeley's name and not his own is on the famous bail-bond. The debt is assuredly more likely to be safe

with a united than with a divided country, and it is already evident that the release of Mr. Davis, with its attendant circumstances, is having an effect upon the feelings of the South unparalleled by any other incident since the surrender of Lee. We all know that there are many people in this community who would be intensely gratified if Mr. Davis were put to the rack or broken on the wheel, but the course of a great nation in a matter of supreme political consequence should not be deflected by the bitterness of individuals, but be shaped by that sober wisdom which looks to the future and measures effects which will operate when that bitterness is forgotten. There is nothing at this time of such signal moment to the entire country as the real, and not simulated, reconciliation of its lately contending sections. It was possible by the treatment of Mr. Davis materially to affect this desirable object. All must acknowledge how much his protracted imprisonment has done to induce distrust and keep alive resentment. The effect of his release will be—is showing itself to be—a commensurate one in the opposite direction. If Mr. Davis were ten times worse than his worst foes paint him it might still be better to deal leniently with his case notwithstanding. The great mass of the North think him wrong, no doubt—criminal even, in a very high degree; but there are seven or eight millions of their fellow-countrymen who think exactly otherwise, and who would cherish with implacable hatred the memory of any severe treatment of their late leader. It is far more important to the country to be reconciled than it is to have Jefferson Davis's blood. The idea that another insurrection may be encouraged by mistaken lenity is plausible nonsense. No such thing can occur; or if it could, would be a much more probable consequence of severity than of lenity. The length and desperation of southern resistance to the federal power supply the strongest arguments against harsh measures on the part of the victors; since they imply a profundity and unanimity of conviction which preclude the assumption of wilful wrong-doing or consequent moral liability to punishment. The South may have been mistaken—in one respect, at least, she was grievously so—but no man capable of reasoning can pronounce her criminal. But we do not inflict capital punishment for mistakes, and Mr. Davis was solely and emphatically the instrument and representative of the Southern people. It is impossible, we repeat, to treat political offenses like social crimes. It may have been necessary in the past to fortify dynasties by stringent laws against treason, and if republicans now think it prudent to follow the example, they have the power to do so. But the technical indefiniteness which admitted of two plausible constructions in our mighty quarrel perplexes the judgement respecting the moral responsibility of the disputants. It seems clear now in the retrospect that, destiny having willed the country to remain one, it was needful that the stronger side should prevail to that end; but we must remember that mere success does not make a cause absolutely right any more than failure makes a cause absolutely wrong. When people stand shoulder to shoulder by millions professing a common faith and sealing that profession with their blood, we may be sure that they will not be written down as criminals by the recording angel, however they may be estimated by their fellow-men. We may pronounce them misguided, foolish, wrong-headed, perhaps; we cannot, without injustice to ourselves as well as to them, declare them malefactors; and if we cannot so declare them in their aggregate, we have no right either in act or deed to imply as much by our treatment of their leader. Even among the absolute systems of Europe political offences are no longer expiated by extreme penalties; it were strange indeed if, with our claims to superior freedom and enlarged intelligence, we of the republic were to return to usages which have grown obsolete in monarchies.

PROTECTION FOR TRAVELLERS.

ELSEWHERE we print some figures showing such frequency of deaths from railway disasters as to justify the conclusion that Congress must soon intervene for the protection of travellers by rail, as it formerly did in behalf of passengers on Mississippi steamboats. Its right to adjust these matters comes clearly enough under its Constitutional powers for

regulating inter-state commerce. The expediency of its doing so becomes, we think, equally plain in view of the notorious disregard shown by corporations for the rights of the public, and of the practical impossibility to individuals of procuring redress against a wealthy corporation that has systematized these matters, and whose salaried counsel is prepared to carry the case from court to court until the victim shall be glad to abandon litigation as a worse evil than the original injury.

The cause of the five or six thousand deaths each year by the rail is, broadly speaking, an engrossing regard to dividends on the part of directors and stockholders to the exclusion of provisions for such safe and faithful service as the travelling community has a right to demand. Occasionally, when some frightful accident has drawn attention to the subject, it is demonstrated that rolling stock is used as long as it will hold together, rails, wheels, and axles until they snap, locomotives until their boilers burst, bridges until they fall; that switch-tenders, on whose vigilance thousands of lives depend, are appointed to half-a-dozen duties at widely-separated points, that flagmen are posted at dangerous crossings only when the companies are forced to employ them, that, to save expense, the most obvious precautions are neglected, the most necessary servants dispensed with, and inefficient but cheap ones put in positions where incompetence is crime—in fine, that the policy pursued by directors is to prefer the possible expenses of collisions, wrecks, and damages to the certain cost of maintaining the thorough good order and efficiency of their roads.

The practice of any one of a large majority of our railroads might be instanced as illustrative of the prevalent criminal recklessness. We shall content ourselves with citing the case of the Morris and Essex Railroad—a company, we should premise, that differs from most of its fellows in New Jersey and a large number elsewhere in being managed with an evident disposition to treat its passengers well, to give them enough trains, cars which by comparison are commodious and comfortable, and conductors who are efficient and civil. The troubles of this road are attributable to the want of a competent head. During several months of the winter, we are informed, not a train reached New York on time, the delays being sometimes of minutes, often of hours. In the spring locomotives burning bituminous coal were introduced which, not being provided with the means for arresting sparks, spread conflagrations on every side; and although trees, fences, houses, and stores were burned by this lawless negligence, producing complaints and remonstrances coupled, it is said, with threats to tear up the track, it was not until an injunction was sought, several suits commenced, and five indictments found in one of the counties traversed by the road, that any amendment was made. But the constant sense of insecurity is the chief complaint of the passengers. For months there has been a daily average of certainly one, we think we might safely say of two accidents more or less serious on the road. A recent one, which narrowly escaped terrific results but, escaping, failed to appear in the newspapers, is illustrative. A long passenger train came rushing at full speed around one of the curves with which the road abounds, when the engineer found that a switch had been left open and that not three hundred feet were between himself and a coal train on the switch. With admirable dexterity and courage the man gave the alarm, reversed his engine, and so far reduced the speed that when the collision came its force was greatly abated—one coal-car being utterly demolished, the front of the locomotive crushed, the first passenger car badly, the second slightly, broken. Nevertheless, the wreck might have been cleared and the locomotive, still able to run, could have proceeded with the uninjured cars without more than ten minutes' delay. But the superintendent of the road, who was on the colliding train, was helpless and passive, walking up and down like a man dazed and bewildered, and the passengers waited until the next train came by to carry them, after an hour's delay, on their way to the city. The indignation was extreme from the fact that precisely the same accident had occurred to a freight train on the same switch about a fortnight before,

occasioning long delays of the trains on either side the wreck. Enquiry elicited the information that the only person in any way responsible for the condition of the switch was employed at the station, some distance off, and that the persons who last chanced to pass over it—in this case, said the employees, some untraceable men with a hand-car—were the ones looked to to have it suitably placed. The opinion of the passengers was apparently unanimous that the superintendent guilty of such dangerously vague arrangements and of the chronic disorder of the road was the person who should be dismissed; but the superintendent thought otherwise, and made a scapegoat of the engineer to whose cool intrepidity the entire train felt that they owed their lives. Yet, further, on the next morning the same train encountered another switch but a few miles distant left in the same condition, though, fortunately, at a spot where the speed was slight enough to prevent injury. Not to dwell upon other instances in which great and imminent dangers, originating in gross neglect, have been averted by prompt presence of mind in employees, we may say briefly that such stolidity characterizes the management of the road as to have impelled its passengers in self-defence to raise funds and assume the duties of prosecuting the delinquents and rewarding meritorious subordinates.

The extreme disorder characteristic of this road may fairly be taken as a type, possibly an exaggerated one, of a class of evils to which congressional action alone seems likely to put an end. But there are other outrages than those of exposure to death that are totally inexcusable, yet against which there seems to be no provision so long as companies shall be permitted to conduct their roads with sole reference to economy. Delays have become so much a matter of course that, on many lines, it is unusual to find trains running on the time by which it is contracted that passengers shall be conveyed. During the heavy storms last winter every road in New Jersey was, for a time, disabled on account of the absence of snow-ploughs from their equipment; and although the agents were perfectly aware that trains did not run and would not run for days, passengers by the monopoly routes from the South and West were sold tickets without warning, and poured for three days into the wretched little town of New Brunswick to endure starvation and extortion, and, at last, to be forced to procure private conveyance to New York at a cost which should have sufficed to carry them to St. Paul or New Orleans. Yet, indignant as the sufferers were and unpardonable as was the treatment to which they were exposed, so futile are such attempts known to be that nobody essayed to call the companies to account. It is, however, entirely unnecessary to seek extraordinary instances or go beyond the every-day conduct of the roads. Every purchaser of a ticket buys a right to a prompt passage in a comfortable vehicle, wherein he shall be provided with a seat and protected against all annoyances which are not inseparable from travel. It is seldom that he gets most of these things, and miraculous if he is enabled to enjoy them all. In the first place, there are not, we believe, more than two roads in the country on which are used cars such as every well-ordered passenger willing to pay for them has a right to demand. The cars in vogue are generally such as it is impossible to heat or ventilate, invariably such as render it impossible to secure immunity from the contact with unpleasant people of every degree. One man may, and often does, annoy a carful by the window he persists in keeping open. A howling, drunken ruffian may insult with impunity a hundred outraged people, and the conductor, who would stop a train to eject a man that did not pay his fare, makes no effort to restrain or remove him. Extortions of all kinds are practised by all grades of the railroad officials, from the president who prints on the tickets illegal limitations of the contract and exceeds the proper rate of fare, to the baggage-master and porter who hold themselves ready to vent upon your trunk their indignation for their failure to receive an unmerited fee. Exposure, discomfort, outrage, and insult are the almost inevitable accompaniments of a railroad journey; loss of time and money and mortifying defeat are the consequences of any effort at redress. On the much agitated questions of freight we have not space to enter.

As examples of the ordinary state of the matter, we may mention that recently the Morris and Essex Railroad Company consumed one month in transporting five hundred tons of railroad iron from New York to Harrisburg, and that a manufacturer at Trenton informs us that it costs him less to get his freight from Liverpool to New York than, by the Camden and Amboy road, from New York to Trenton, a distance of sixty miles.

There are, of course, minor details of which Congress could not take cognizance. There are others which the commercial interests of the country can no longer afford to have it neglect, since they are alike unattainable through the courts or the legislatures. It should enact a general railroad law that shall include, among others, the following provisions: That no transportation monopolies shall exist either under state laws or from the difficulty of procuring special charters; that all roads, under suitably heavy penalties, shall be kept in safe repair, adequately manned and equipped, and protected, so far as human foresight can protect them, from "accidents;" that roads over which a stated number of trains pass shall make no dividends until a double track be built; that passengers be entitled to damages for detentions from whatever cause or for any material departure from the advertised time-tables; that heavy penalties shall follow every excess of fare demanded over the legalized tariff of the road in question, or any exaction of fare from passengers who are not furnished with the accommodations and services included in the contract; that on every train shall be enforced such police regulations as are necessary for the protection of the passengers; that on all main lines of travel the first-class cars shall satisfy a definite standard of excellence, and that arrangements shall be made whereby on adequate payment travellers shall be entitled to such privacy and space as they require.

FINANCIAL MATTERS.

DULNESS, gloom, and despondency prevail this year in business circles where last year were bustle, cheerfulness, and hope. It is a reaction which is natural and may be made productive of good instead of evil. The enormous imports of last year, yielding to the government a revenue of near two hundred millions in gold; the activity of domestic trade, due in great measure to increased consumption by the people under the feeling that the pressure of the war was over, and the consequent flourishing condition of the internal revenue, begot a belief that our financial future would take care of itself and needed no thought. Men refused to cipher out our probable needs and probable future means, and contented themselves with a general appeal to our "unlimited resources." A private person who thinks there is no end to his fortune is on the road to ruin; a nation which takes the same careless view of its finances is in equal danger. Under the influence of this dream that our public revenues were unlimited, Congress did not stop the war expenditures with the war, but recklessly added, by a bounty law, hundreds of millions to the war debt and provided for a costly military government over the immense area of the recovered states. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the actual expenditures of the War Department will exceed the estimates by something like a hundred millions. Be this as it may, it is certain that the bounty laws passed by Congress will, when carried out by actual payments, add several hundred millions to the national debt. It is equally certain that the revenues are diminishing. The internal revenue for the year thus far is reported at only \$240,000,000, with only five weeks of the fiscal year yet to come in. The demand for gold to pay duties at this port for the past week is put down at \$2,000,000, which is equal to only \$100,000,000 a year; our annual gold interest, to be paid out of the customs revenue, is already \$90,000,000, and is every day increasing by the conversion of debt which pays its interest in currency into debt which promises interest in coin. In a little more than a year from this, under the present policy of the Treasury, our annual interest payable in coin will be \$130,000,000. So that, supposing the customs revenue to fall off no further in the future and counting in all that we may collect in the other ports of the country, we are

threatened with close work to make both ends meet in this matter of paying the gold interest. The Treasury cannot suffer itself to get short of coin and come into the market to buy gold without putting up the premium on gold to a ruinous rate and destroying the credit of its paper money. Nor can it get coin out of the internal taxes, refusing for them its own paper, without equally fatal results to its credit. The customs revenue is its sole resource whence to pay its gold interest. To come short in the gold revenue is simply bankruptcy of the Treasury. If the ability of the people to consume, and consequently the ability to import, shall be lessened still more in the future we must have a serious deficit in this branch of our revenue. It is the portion of our revenue in which, above all, we ought to have a large surplus if the Treasury is ever to resume specie payments.

We believe in looking danger straight in the face, and not in getting rid of the sight of it as a boy shuts out ghosts by putting his own head under the blankets. We believe that our resources are, though not unlimited, ample for all our public burdens. But the income of the Treasury is only a certain proportion of the aggregate income of the people. The people can pay taxes only out of what they earn. On the prosperity of the people the income of the Treasury hangs. The more costly we make food and clothing and shelter, the less can be spared for taxes and the less will government get, strive how it may to enforce taxation.

It is obvious that our great financial need is an ample and assured revenue from customs, that part of the revenue alone being available for payment of the interest on the public debt. Yet with this great need staring us in the face, and with the certainty that unless this need be supplied the country must come to disgrace, a body of rich manufacturers have organized themselves for the purpose of urging the government that it adjust its tax system to the promotion of their private interests. They ask the Treasury to discourage and prohibit by high taxes the import of foreign goods, when a large revenue from foreign goods is the only safeguard of the national faith. We warn these gentlemen that they are advocating a course that leads to bankruptcy of the Treasury, which would be to them individually, if they are not beyond the influence of any but selfish feelings, a worse evil than a diminution of the enormous business profits they have lately enjoyed. The revenue from imports must be kept up, and in fact must be enlarged, if we would secure ourselves against great disaster and deep disgrace. The experience of all other countries, as well as that of our own, proves that moderate duties, not high duties, secure the largest revenue. We need at this time the largest revenue from this source which it is possible to secure. To this great public need all private and special interests must give way. A few articles which we can get only from abroad, such as tea and coffee, will bear high duties without lessening much the consumption of them, and consequently with an increase and not a loss of revenue. But, in the main, high duties impoverish the Treasury, both directly as to its customs revenue and indirectly as to its internal revenue, by lessening the ability of the people to spare out of their earnings the necessary share for the government. A man who has to pay twenty dollars for a coat which ought to cost him but ten has so much less to spare for the needs of the Treasury. The cry of the manufacturers' league at this time for more protection to their private money-making schemes reminds us of the contractors for our Revolutionary army who, as Patrick Henry said, had but one thought and one cry, while every one else was suffering, while our soldiers were shoeless and ragged and starving, while the army and the government were threatened with dissolution; the one cry of the contractors, through all the general distress, was for their own "beef! beef! beef!"

JEROME PARK AND THE JOCKEY CLUB.

CURIOS as are the growths and changes which are attending our transit from the callow youth to the vigorous manhood of our national life—from the habits and scope of a provincial to those of a metropolitan career—there are few more significant and striking than the new era which has lately been entered upon in mat-

ters connected with the Turf. This era has been pre-
saged in a variety of ways for some time past. The increase of wealth and the comparatively inferior character of our stock have led at once to a recognition of and a remedy for the somewhat humiliating deficiency. It has been felt that there was no reason of an insurmountable character why the breed of horses should not be as fine here as in England; and that at all events if it depended upon money and enterprise to bring about an equality we had the means to achieve it. Actuated by this consideration a number of energetic and public-spirited gentlemen, whose taste and purse alike permitted them to take active steps towards such a consummation, have for some time, by liberal importations of horses and trainers, been laying the foundations for stables which should fairly compare with those of the mother land herself. Mr. Belmont, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Cameron, and other gentlemen of wealth and position have thrown themselves into this movement with great courage, activity, and liberality; and what may be regarded as the successful initiative of their labors has just been witnessed under circumstances of remarkable promise and *éclat* in the first Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club and the concurrent races at Jerome Park.

The advantages and disadvantages of racing have been so often discussed that a consideration of the subject must needs seem sufficiently commonplace. People for the most part have fixed convictions regarding the turf which ephemeral discussion is not likely to shake. It is, nevertheless, worth while to remember the important changes which the action of such gentlemen as those we have named, together with the singularly liberal conduct of Mr. Jerome himself in connection with the park, has brought about in the character and surroundings of the American turf, and to measure how far old estimates are to be affected by entirely novel conditions. We were present on Saturday, the last and, as we were informed, the most brilliant day of the Spring Meeting, and must confess our surprise at and gratification with all the proceedings and arrangements of the occasion. There were, so far as we could see, no drunken men, blacklegs or other. There was, so far as we could hear, no coarse language in any part of the grounds. Neither was there any sign of violence, no pushing or intrusiveness—no obstreperousness, in a word—although there was plenty of excitement during all the races and it rose to fever heat during one of them. There were present, notwithstanding, all sorts and conditions of people. High and low, rich and poor, famous and obscure were promiscuously mingled, and seemed to encounter each other with tact and mutual deference, without ostentation on one side or rudeness on the other. The number of ladies present of high social position was remarkable. Society was evidently aware that, whatever the race-track has hitherto been in America, it has now become something at which refined and cultivated people can afford to appear. There was no attempt to exclude the professional sporting-men—using the term in our American acceptation—a step which would have been invidious and absurd; but these individuals were quietly but firmly, either by the general atmosphere of decorum and gentle breeding or by some mysterious yet explicit understanding, kept in their place. They are not at Jerome Park, as they have been at other courses, the supreme leaders and dictators of affairs, thus permeating the whole with their own peculiar characteristics of breeding and station, and thereby excluding all purer and more elevating elements; they can go to Jerome Park as similar men can go in England to Epsom or the Derby—as quiet components of the mass if they choose, but by no means as its guides or tyrants. Through a combination of happy influences the American turf—at least so far as New York, the capital, is concerned—has ceased to be provincial and has become metropolitan. It is no longer to be in the hands of an equivocal clique, and therefore exclusive in a sense which keeps it objectionable or low, but in those of gentlemen of the highest standing, whose names are henceforth the guarantees for its adjuncts and general character.

The racing on Saturday was really very fine. Barring the hurdle race, which was partially a *fiasco*, the performances of the occasion were up to a very high standard. The great event—for the "Hotel Stakes"—was pronounced by experts one of the best ever seen in this country. This was a three mile race for all ages, subscription \$50, each, P.P. with \$1,000 added, and was won by Mr. Sanford's *Loadstone* in magnificent style, the race of three miles being actually forced from *Delaware* in the last hundred yards. During the first two miles *Loadstone* was many lengths behind his two competitors—Mr. Forbes's *Flecting* and Mr. Watson's *Delaware*—and it was only at the end in the very climax of emergency that the splendid grey, ridden as he was with

surpassing tact and nerve, made a terrific burst, "colared" his leader, *Delaware—Fleetwing* by this time being far in the rear—and won the race by half a length amid tremendous cheers. *Loadstone* accomplished the last mile, as is said, in less time than has hitherto been made in America. This we understand to take into account the weight carried, the time having been, in point of fact, within 1m. 47s. This was a very noble and exciting contest, and whether regarding its duration, the beauty and action of the horses, the gameness, patience, and cleverness of the jockeys, the animated vicissitudes of the struggle, or its brilliant termination, has rarely been surpassed in any of the conditions which go to make up a race of first-rate character. Mr. Sanford has a treasure in his jockey, and will evidently be well repaid for the enterprise which led him to seek in England not only this pearl of price, but other quadrupedal additions to his stable.

The final race—mile heats, best two in three, in our regular American fashion—was also a capital affair, stoutly battled for by Mr. Belmont's *Maid of Honor* and Mr. Forbes's *De Courcy*. As in the previous case, excitement was well sustained by the loser of the first third becoming the final winner of the race. *Maid of Honor* took the opening heat with such apparent ease that her friends were astonished to see her beaten in the second by two lengths, and almost distanced in the third. The remaining contest, the "selling" race, would have been more interesting but for the overshadowing character of those which preceded and followed it. This race was won by a *Lexington* colt, running under Mr. Belmont's colors and name, but owned, we believe, by another gentleman. The colt was forthwith sold by auction for \$720, and was purchased by Mr. Gibson for the stable of Col. McDaniel.

We have not been, in general, very warm supporters of the turf, deeming that whatever its hypothetical benefits the vicious associations of the race-track were incommensurately disadvantageous. Conducted, however, as the Jerome Park course now is under the auspices of the Jockey Club, we cannot but admit that our objections are in this particular case pretty effectually overcome. There is something very fine and grand about racing, *per se*, quite irrespective of the improvement of stock. The strain of magnificent emulation between creatures so beautiful and so highly trained while directed by the perfection of human skill and intelligence is a very noble and stirring sight, and one well calculated to give a wholesome flip to lives so engrossed and deadened as are too many of our own by the exaggerated monotones of routine, the earking, selfish, endless struggle for dollars and position. A valid excuse, too, for spending half a dozen hours in the open air surrounded by blithe-looking people who seem to be really enjoying themselves is in itself a blessing. It is pleasant to see the grim faces of great professional and business magnates relaxed now and then as we saw them on Saturday into careless and hearty smiles; charming to see the bright faces of beautiful women—absorbed as they always are by anything in the shape of *combat*; and to other attractions must be added the park itself, which, among the number of picturesque spots which bless the neighborhood of New York, is one of the most delightful. It must be generally admitted that anything which appropriately and decorously brings refined women into contact with popular manly sports, thus implying a guarantee for the respectability of their surroundings while affording most agreeable opportunities for social intercourse, must be in itself a good. For these reasons we are glad that such great pains have been taken to make Jerome Park what it is; glad that the Jockey Club has been established under such excellent auspices, and glad that the better classes of our society have taken in both so lively an interest. There is much on which to congratulate the public in improvements which have gone so far to elevate the character of the American turf and to endow it with a truly national dignity and position.

GRUMBLING.

IF the misery inflicted in this world by irrational grumbling—by which we mean futile and wearisome repining over the past or the inevitable—could be determined in concrete form, it would include oceans of tears and millions of ruined lives. The continual dropping of water does not more surely wear away a rock than does the everlasting iteration of vain complaining wear away temper, cheerfulness, the very capacity for happiness itself. Grumbling is a two-edged sword, and cuts away the peace not only of those who feel but of those who wield it. Without question, indulgence in it is a mere habit; but it is a habit apparently as difficult to cure as the passion for strong drink or even for opium. Foolish,

degrading, and cruel as it is, many souls which are intrinsically sweet and amiable become its victims; and when they once are so, they pass through life without a malignant or ungenerous thought, perhaps, but systematically poisoning the happiness of nearly everybody around them.

Habitual grumblers almost invariably make out a very strong case in their own defence. The world has used them very hardly, their situation is peculiarly distressing and difficult, the sum of their ills is, on the whole, quite unprecedented, and so forth. A consciousness that they are inflicting needless and often most harassing annoyance seems to prompt the self-excuse. If their allegations were indeed well-founded, it certainly would seem but generous to find for such persons a large measure of sympathy and toleration. Unhappily, however, an examination of the facts will show, in most instances, that their plea is substantially false. No life, especially in our exacting times, can be passed on a bed of roses. We must all have sorrows and cares and anxieties. The more, however, we see of the world the more we see that, on the whole, the pleasures and pains of life are for each individual pretty evenly averaged. A mysterious system of compensations seems to be always in operation, so that they who have grief to-day have joy to-morrow and so on. We say nothing of the disparities of fortune, since poor people are often very happy ones and rich people as frequently the reverse. There is at all events and at least as much grumbling among the rich as among the poor. Assuming any two persons to be in about the same plane, including an average equality of position, health, and capacity for enjoyment, as well as susceptibility to pain, we assume that in the long run one will get about as much—and as little—out of life as the other. Grumbling implies exceptional suffering undeservedly endured, and grumbling is resented because such a view is felt to be by those who suffer from it in general a disingenuous and selfish one. A person very charming in other respects may be addicted to grumbling; and in such a case a balance may be struck and the nuisance set off against the accompanying fascination; but, as a rule, grumbling slowly but surely alienates affection, and the delicacy, the zest, the sweet elevation which comes of the mingling of congenial human souls are dulled and blunted and embittered, and finally altogether destroyed, so that in this world, at least, they can be felt no more.

Women in general grumble much more than men, although there are plenty of exceptions. We are consequently often reminded of the greater fineness and sensitiveness of the female structure, and of the peculiar reasons—nervous and other—for making for women exceptional allowances. A really manly person scarcely needs instruction on this point, since his instincts will usually be very correct guides towards tenderness and consideration. We must, notwithstanding, confess that we see some difficulty in this connection, which we should be glad to have some clever woman explain. Women are credited with a larger proportion than men of tact, of acuteness of perception, of a certain tender reluctance to inflict pain, and the credit is undoubtedly in substance just. But these are just the qualities which should deter their possessors from torturing others by grumbling, and how is it the reverse is the case, and how is it that grumbling men are called womanish? We know, of course, that the sensitiveness and delicacy imputed to women are the presumable occasion and excuse for their grumbling; but one would suppose that this fineness of organization would lead to a duplex action, which, unhappily, is often found wanting. A man with a gouty foot is not less careful, but more careful, not to tread upon the feet of others. If the feminine nature is so delicately and sensitively strung it seems inexplicable that many women should be so regardless as they are of the delicacy and sensitiveness of others. If there is one duty about which, among the differences of theologians and the wranglings of opposing politicians and philosophers, there is no conflict of opinion, it is the duty of striving to make people happy who are about us. The duty, of course, extends in a theoretic manner to the whole world, but practically it relates only to those with whom we come in contact. We are all here—for what precise purpose, mankind persistently disagree. In any case here we must remain until removed by the Power that placed us here. The ills of life may on the whole be estimated, as we have said, at a common average. Under these circumstances, it is a bounden duty cheerfully to accept the lot which has been prepared for us and which we must believe is consonant with the will of Providence. People who fail to recognize that it is incumbent upon them to try and make others happy are perverted and miserable creatures and can never be, in any broad sense, harmonious human beings. Attempts have been made at

remedy, as when in past times, for instance, common scolds were ducked in horse-ponds; but it is to be feared that such were acts of vengeance rather than of reform, and although we can conceive of cases when the revenge might have been particularly sweet, its method is scarcely consistent with those benevolent conceptions of progressive development which accord with the modern ideal.

If the patent truth that grumbling seldom does any good were likely to be effective, more pains might be taken to gain it circulation and credence. But the grumblers really know this very well. They do not grumble and worry and fret and snarl for the sake of good, but for the sake of ill. They discover how very exasperating and fatiguing their practices are, and the fact serves them, it would seem, as a sort of mental cordial. To be able to inflict definite and unmistakable pain at any time merely by beginning to grumble has to these people a positive and appreciated charm. A conception of the ineffable beauty and fascination of repose—of calm self-possession, of gracious and poised serenity, of the sweet evenness of temper which soothes the irritable, regulates the incoherent, subdues the tumultuous, and throws around all things an atmosphere of tranquillity, gentleness, and content, never seems to enter the brain, however high in quality it may otherwise be, of your constitutional grumbler. In spite of this deficiency, however, grumblers have their aspirations. The female grumbler generally sighs for some large, pachydermatous bear of a companion from whom her grumbling would provoke no disagreeable consequences. This is, notwithstanding, a mere illusory theory, or rather it is a reproachful device intended to wound those who are not pachydermatous and who are not bears. The very essence—the seductive characteristic—of grumbling lies in its giving pain. Given the bear, after the first flush of novelty, the discovery that he did not wince would come with unpleasant surprise. The accustomed titillation would be missed and measures devised to renew it. Even bears have sensitive spots, and these would be searched out and practised upon just as surely as the grumbler did not change her nature. The delicacy and sensitiveness which would not spare the delicate and sensitive most certainly, as a matter of compensatory morality, would not spare the obtuse. Incompatibility is the euphemism often employed to designate the state of affairs between two people when one is discontented with the other's chronic grumbling, and the other is dissatisfied with the discontent. To form an accurate judgement of right and wrong, in such instances, is so difficult as almost to amount to the impossible. The world gets comfortably out of the dilemma by pronouncing both wrong, while the charitable few say that both are "unfortunate." Neither sentence may be just, although the latter may be in one sense true; but the world will wag and grumble on, and justice will slumber until that awful time when the secrets of all hearts shall be unlocked, when lies and selfishness and sophistry shall be utterly vain, or until right and wrong, joy and sorrow alike, shall be buried together in an eternal rest.

TWO PAINTERS.

VERY conspicuous in the position attained by him among American landscape painters is Mr. Albert Bierstadt, an American by adoption and early associations, and a disciple of the Düsseldorf school of art by selection. Within a few years past Bierstadt, like Church, has taken up the idea of vastness in art, essaying to reproduce, on huge canvases, the stupendous features of American scenery, with its vast mountain ranges and their awful cataracts and rifts. Partly with his pencil, and partly by the aid of the photograph, he has succeeded in obtaining, during his journeys through the grandest regions of the Rocky Mountains, a great variety of material, by the skilful use of which he has wrought out the large and striking compositions to which so much criticism, favorable and otherwise, has for some time past been devoted. The latest of these, entitled "The Domes of the Great Yo Semite," is now on exhibition in the gallery of the Tenth Street Studio Building.

On first looking at this picture a sense of reality fills the mind of the spectator. The space from the foreground bluff, with its dark pine-trees, to the deep chasm in the rocks by which the valley is bounded, is rendered with great skill. A light, dry mist seems to float over all. The rocks—and rock is the leading feature of the composition—are powerfully drawn and painted. We cannot say so much for the cascade to the left, which does not convey the character of falling water, nor are the trees near the basin into which it falls artistically handled. The perspective of the valley, aided by the receding lines of trees and by the glimpses caught here and there of the winding stream, is excellent for its illusion,

as also is a gleam of sunlight that falls upon the distant rocks. There is mystery in the deep cleft, or gateway, at the farther end of the valley. Largeness, grandeur, space, these are the characteristics of the scene, and they have been realized with remarkable felicity by the artist.

Different in all respects from Mr. Bierstadt's work is the series of three pictures painted by Mr. Inness to illustrate "The Triumph of the Cross," and now on view at Snedecor's gallery. Inness, here, like Corot in France, enjoys the reputation of being spiritual in his landscape painting, and his instinct or his ambition has led him to essay in these pictures the difficult task of conveying an allegorical idea through the medium of remarkably fertile and valuable tracts of arable and pasture lands, well watered and timbered, and even suggestive, in certain localities, of coal and other mineral sources of wealth. Not that this first picture of the series is thus material. It is cavernous, dark, and mystic, with yawning gulfs and rising clouds, in the opening of which gleams a silvery cross, by which Bunyan's Pilgrim is beheld steering himself to the mouth of the abyss. He reappears in the next landscape, a soul of the substantial kind argued by the spiritualists, clad in very material mail and armed with a telescope. The "Delectable Mountains" of the old allegory are seen in the distance, and very good mountains they are, only a trifle too blue in the shadows and misty cliffs. It is a fine landscape, of the suggestive kind, and so is picture No. 3, in which the "New Jerusalem" is shadowed forth by several blocks of heavy masonry, built partly on the ground and partly in the air. The landscape is very pastoral and pleasant, with passages of charming color everywhere, except in the architecture, which is not illuminated with the true celestial glow.

It is in color like this just referred to that Bierstadt's otherwise fine picture is deficient. A monotone of grey-green pervades the whole scene, which would be more striking, perhaps, than it is if executed in black and white. But then, on the other hand, Bierstadt's rocks are rocks, while those cropping out in the fertile pastures of Inness are mere flabby models in wax or dough. Bierstadt's clouds float with a more feathery lift than those of Inness, but his earth and trees lack the mellowness which is with that artist a strong point. In fine, Inness—putting his allegory aside—infuses more sentiment into material things than does Bierstadt, while the latter far excels him in correctness of form and in that realism which, within proper bounds, is an element indispensable to great success in painting.

Could some sorcerer but fuse together in his crucible the genius of Bierstadt and that of Inness, there might arise from the combination a great spirit in American landscape art.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

London, May 11, 1867.

VERY few people now doubt that the Tory reform bill will pass substantially in its present shape; but all but the most bigoted Conservatives see very clearly that the great question of the representation of the people will be almost as far as ever from a settlement. Mr. Disraeli has managed his party and the House of Commons with wonderful dexterity; and if there were no England outside, no great tide of opinion beating against the foundations of that great trades union of the upper class which men call the people's House of Parliament, both he himself and his followers might be congratulated on their triumph. The bill, it is true, is not altogether such a one as the Tory squires would have wished. It has been shorn in committee of some of those clauses which alone made the hateful name of household suffrage a tolerable thing in their ears. The double vote for rich people is gone; the long residence which promised to make it so difficult for working-men to get on the register was found too much even for the aristocratic whip, and has been cut out; the famous compound householders has been eased a little of his disabilities. In this shape the bill is undoubtedly a considerable stride in the direction of popular power, and its most objectionable features are so glaring that it is impossible to doubt that they will soon be got rid of, and we shall then have a Parliament elected on a far wider basis than even Mr. Gladstone, or, rather, the Whig families who hold him in check, would ever have proposed. It is remarkable that some of our most ardent Liberals—Mr. P. A. Taylor and Mr. McLaren, for instance—have supported the government bill; but the bulk of the Liberal renegades have, I am afraid, been actuated by no higher motive than a dread of that dissolution of Parliament which was the inevitable consequence of a government defeat, and which under our present system is tantamount to an enormous fine on every member.

To tell the truth, the dread of a dissolution is strong on both sides of the House, and for more than one reason. Neither Whigs nor Tories would like to face the difficulty of a general election in Ireland until the Fenian excitement has a little abated. Thus, the government bill passes, with perhaps a clause in favor of well-to-do lodgers; and the first act of our reform drama is complete.

Nothing can better illustrate the strength of the democratic feeling out of doors than the break-down of poor Mr. Walpole and the cabinet in the matter of the Hyde Park meeting. Lord Derby still threatens to prosecute the prime movers in that affair; the Home Secretary still holds to his purpose, and will leave to his successor the conduct of the bill for more effectually enforcing "the rights of the crown;" but there will be no prosecutions and no bill. The whole affair will certainly be dropped, and henceforth people will meet in the parks when they please. The government plead that they had discovered that they had no legal power for preventing the meeting; but whoever infers from that that it would not have been prevented if opinion had been in their favor, very much mistakes the practical working of our system. Again and again lecturers and preachers have been not only expelled from the parks, but taken into custody of the police, and while not a voice was raised in their favor the government were unmoved; but the fact is that the public would not have patiently endured to be told that reformers had been shot down in the attempt to assert the doubtful right to clear Hyde Park. It is a curious comment on our safeguards and guarantees of liberty that our government are really always as despotic as they please unless the public voice is loud against them. Whoever doubts it let him rake up the history of our Chartist prosecutions in 1848, or, still later, our recent proceedings in the matter of arresting alleged Fenians.

Mr. Ruskin has put forth a curious complaint on behalf of his friend Mr. Carlyle, which will no doubt have been copied into your papers. Mr. Ruskin, speaking I presume the sentiments of his friend, complains that the author of the lectures on *Hero Worship* cannot go about Chelsea, where he lives, without being insulted, simply because he is old and clean—whence, of course, abundant inferences against his poor fellow-countrymen. Mr. Ruskin says Carlyle is obliged to select the night for walking. Well, that is true; but I can certify from my own knowledge that that cannot be on account of his age, for many years ago it was the custom of that eccentric philosopher to perambulate the streets at midnight. I always supposed that this was because, like Mr. Dickens and some other celebrities, he liked night rambles. Mr. Ruskin will have it otherwise; but the annoyance he receives arises from a far more intelligible cause. The truth is that Mr. Carlyle has a fancy for a hat of a kind which is certainly not so likely to attract attention in Italy, where it appears that he found the poor people far less given to staring at him, than it is in a suburb of London. It is no doubt very foolish and very intolerant in poor boys and girls not to see that Mr. Carlyle's hat is a thing that concerns him and nobody else. I, for one, certainly wish that Mr. Mill's opinions on "liberty" were more widely diffused; but, unfortunately, among the ignorant there is nothing which is more keenly resented than a departure from custom in this respect. I am afraid that in analogous and much higher matters even educated folk are not altogether free from this sort of intolerance. If any man should set to work to write down the number of things which excite dislike among educated people simply because they are strange, he would probably find that it would make a long list.

The extraordinarily sudden collapse of the new daily journal, *The Day*, has caused no little astonishment here. It was started about six weeks ago professedly as the organ of constitutional liberalism, but really as the organ of the advanced Conservative party. Beginning with views similar to those held by the notorious "Adullamites," it very soon became thoroughly Conservative; and it was not to be wondered at when we remember the men who were writing on it. Mr. James Hutton, the editor, long known as an Indian journalist, was a staunch Conservative; Mr. James Hannay, who gave his aid, is well known as the most brilliant Tory writer of the day; Mr. E. T. Keibel, the author of a capital volume of political essays collected from *The Quarterly* and other reviews is, perhaps, the most Conservative journalist in London, and contributed the chief editorials to *The Day* as well as notes called *Inside St. Stephens*. Besides these, a host of smaller fry, chiefly professing Conservative opinions, contributed to this defunct journal. Miss Frances Cobbe wrote on various subjects, Mr. Dutton Cook wrote on art, Dr. Steele on sanitary questions, and Messrs. Blanchard, Savile Clarke, Austin, and others contributed leaders and General

Notes—short spicy articles on various topics—which were a great feature of *The Day*. It is doubtful whether a paper having political opinions that are not those of the great mass of the people could ever pay at so low a price as a penny. A paper appealing to a select audience should have, as it were, a select price. Many people, tired of the slowness of *The Standard* and the opposite qualities of *The Telegraph*, welcomed *The Day*, and had it been conducted on sound commercial principles it would, perhaps, have succeeded in the long run. Lord Elcho and the eldest son of the Earl of Lichfield found a great part of the money, and it is strange that they did not calculate the cost of such a venture before embarking in it. About the said cost there are many absurd stories afloat. Paragraphs have appeared putting it at fifty thousand pounds; but six thousand would be nearer the mark. *The Day*, like *The Morning Herald*, used the stereotyped parliamentary reports of *The Daily News*; and, moreover, no new "plant" or machinery was procured for it; the promoters simply went to a jobbing printer, and he brought out the paper at a fixed price. It was very badly printed, and the absurdity of supposing that a daily paper could start on such small capital and hold its own against so many powerful and wealthy rivals must be obvious to every one. Other papers are making their appearance now—in fact, the recent failures and the panic in the world of commerce have apparently made the world of letters more busy. *Judy*, of which I wrote lately, a comic paper something after the style of *The Comic News*, has made its appearance, and a very bad appearance it presents. Badly written and worse printed, with illustrations that are much below the average, *Judy* will be no formidable rival either to *Punch* or *Fun*. *The Tomahawk*, also a satirical journal, is advertised to appear shortly, and it is said some members of the Savage Club are to contribute. Seeing, however, that the members of the Savage Club who can write at all in this way are now engaged on *Fun*, I think their connection with a rival comic paper is only a *canard*. *Echoes from the Clubs* is the title of a new journal of politics and society to be started under the management of Dr. Charles Mackay. If well conducted and written with spirit, it will probably prove a formidable rival to *The Owl*, which is fast losing what little prestige it used formerly to possess and becoming hopelessly amateurish and stupid. It argues well for *Echoes from the Clubs* that the services of so practised and accomplished a writer as Mr. John Hollinghead have been secured to contribute papers on the amusements of the metropolis. A new magazine at sixpence has also appeared this month, but it will hardly survive till June; indeed, although we are busy with reform bills and compound householders, and companies limited have been failing in an unlimited manner, people seem willing to invest their money in literary projects.

A curious concert is to be given in London to-day. Some time ago our Prince of Wales (whose pet poet is Martin F. Tupper and whose propensities are occasionally the reverse of princely), being at a dinner party with his young friend the Hon. Mr. Carrington, in Whitehall, the royal visitor waxed merry. Late in the evening, the Princess being laid up with her serious illness, the comic music-hall singers Messrs. Arthur Lloyd and Nash were sent for to amuse Mr. Carrington's illustrious guest; and with the comic songs—great favorites with frequenters of music halls—festivities were prolonged to an early hour in the morning. Fired by the example of royalty, a musical speculator is about to give comic concerts during the season at the new room in Langham Place, St. George's Hall, lately built for the new Philharmonic Society. It is expected that the comic songs so popular when heard by the lower classes through an atmosphere of smoke, and with the accompaniment of deleterious stimulants, will be as popular with the "upper ten" at the West End. And, indeed, seeing the rapidly increasing varieties of fast young ladies and their still faster brothers, even in the highest ranks of society, we see no reason to doubt but that the music-hall songs will before long be popular in Belgravian drawing-rooms. It does not say much for our taste, certainly. It is curious that just as the Prince of Wales and the upper class are taking to this witless and vulgar trash the principal music halls, such as the Alhambra, are abandoning it. But what can be said for a country that tolerates Frith's "Railway Station" in art, and is about to be disgraced by another series of *Proverbial Philosophy*?

You perhaps know that the professorship of poetry at Oxford is vacant, and that there are several aspirants to the chair lately held by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Sir Francis Doyle, the author of *The Return of the Guards* and other namby-pamby poems, is one candidate, but what possible qualifications he can possess, except the eulogy of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, it is not easy to see. A profes-

nor of poetry should not only be a poet but a rhetorician, and should be able to teach the art of poetry. A far better man is in the field than Doyle, namely, the distinguished Oxonian, Dr. William Alexander, Dean of Emly. Besides being a poet of great power, the dean is a man of varied culture and great attainments, and has written and lectured on subjects akin to those which he would be called upon to treat of as a professor with much critical insight and classic eloquence. If poetry were the only requisite, Tennyson or Browning would be the man. But the University of Oxford will make a terrible blunder if they do not seek one who will worthily represent her as a teacher of the *ars poetica*, and not merely be an accomplished versifier.

Q.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

CARL RITTER.*

ENGLISH scholars seem unaware that the magnificent work of Carl Ritter, issued in four octavo volumes last year, and hailed by the English press as one of the most important publications of the year, owes its appearance in our tongue, carefully annotated and revised, to the labors of an American, the Rev. W. L. Gage, whose previous translations of Ritter's works have either wholly or in part been reprinted in England. It is singular, and not a little to our credit, that, despite the formidable proportions and distinguished names of the London Geographical Society as compared with that of New York, England waited to receive the writings of the greatest geographer of our age until they had been interpreted by an American; but so it has been. Yet that interest in the great German which has been created in the mind of every one who has read Guyot's *Earth and Man*, and noticed the warm and emphatic words which he uses about Ritter, does not appear to have been felt in England, and the Berlin professor is known only to men of the highest science. With us it is quite different. His name is one with which our teachers are familiar; the translations of his *Geographical Studies* and his *Comparative Geography* have been widely read among us, and the fidelity of his painstaking translator has been rewarded with the gratitude of a public as large as it is intelligent.

The *Comparative Geography of the Sinaitic Peninsula and Palestine*, however, eclipses in magnitude all that we have before had of Ritter's writings. Four octavo volumes, admirably printed on finely-toned paper, contain all that has ever been written respecting Sinai and Palestine in their relation to the Bible, digested, compacted, co-ordinated, and brought into vital relations with Biblical history. Ritter has examined all literatures in preparing this work, drawing all that is valuable from Arabian geographers, Greek travellers, Roman chroniclers, middle age pilgrims, and modern explorers from Maundrell to Robinson. Nothing has escaped him; and the learning displayed in these volumes, not ostentatiously but necessarily, cannot fail to strike every reader with amazement. Yet it would do the greatest injustice to speak of this work as a compilation. It is far more than this; for, varied as are the materials which make it up, Ritter has displayed a command of them all, has subjected them to his powerful synthesis, and has wrought them by his own method into a single fabric as beautiful as it is complete. All that had been written about the Holy Land he took, and making it a part of his great work, gave a wholeness to the subject which none could give but a master mind like his. Works even like Robinson's are partial; they give only that which was seen by their author; but Ritter gives all. He had an enormous power of generalization, and no man has surpassed him either in the patient examination of details or in the combination of them in a single picture. This work must take its place as the classic of Palestine literature. Its full discussions of such subjects as Manna, Ophir, Tarshish, Philistia, the rival claims of Sinai and Serbal, the primitive tribes of Canaan, the apportionment among the twelve tribes of Israel, its learned disquisitions on Jerusalem, Petra, Hebron, Shechem, Caesarea, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, give it a distinctive character. The editor has carefully annotated the work, giving the results of recent travellers, has condensed the original, excluding those portions which were extra-biblical, and obtaining all that could illustrate the Bible. We infer from Mr. Gage's preface that he executed the translation in Germany, that he might enjoy the advantage of conferring with the friends of his former teacher.

* I. *The Comparative Geography of the Sinaitic Peninsula and Palestine*. By Carl Ritter. Edited and translated by W. L. Gage. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.—II. *The Life of Carl Ritter*, late Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin. By W. L. Gage. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

His German residence also enabled Mr. Gage to collect the materials for his life of Ritter. Upon the execution of this work we cannot congratulate him. It is not that he lacks enthusiasm, for, on the contrary, his interest in his hero is so great that he is betrayed into commencing his book on a scale which he cannot maintain and which he suddenly reduces to such a degree as to produce one of the most singularly disproportioned and misshapen biographies we have ever seen. After detailing Ritter's childhood and youth with a minuteness which would have been in keeping with a three-volume memoir, Mr. Gage finds that he is likely to exceed his limits. Instead of abbreviating what he has already written and what could best endure abridgement, he continues with so meagre a narrative that but a single chapter is given to Ritter's years of maturity and greatest usefulness, and we are denied even a glimpse of his daily life and associations from the time he ceased to be a family tutor and became author and professor. Other defects which go far to mar one's pleasure in reading the book are a disregard of the commonest graces of language which frequently degenerates into actual solecisms and sloppiness, and an almost entire omission of dates which makes it a work of difficulty to place the events to one's satisfaction. Nevertheless, it is the only account we have in English, except an article in *The North American Review*, of the man whom we must consider as not only the greatest of geographers but the one for whom it was reserved to raise what had been held in contempt, as a dry study of forms, into one of the grandest and most fascinating of the natural sciences.

Ritter's life was one singularly favorable to the development of his natural tastes and talents. His family was one of good social position, many of its members, including his father, a physician, having followed learned professions; from father and mother alike he inherited qualities that contributed to his future success. His father dying young, the family were left in straitened circumstances, and Carl's education would have been none of the best but for the fortunate circumstance that Salzmann—one of the enthusiasts with whom Germany abounded during the educational revival in the latter part of the last century—had just founded the afterwards famous school of Schnepfenthal, "in which he might test the efficacy and practicability of his long-cherished and now fully-matured ideas on education." As yet the school was destitute of pupils, and Carl Ritter and his older brother John were recommended to Salzmann as lads of promise whom he could probably obtain to experiment upon. Mrs. Ritter assented, the boys were accompanied to the school by their former tutor and fatherly friend, Gutschmuths, who was employed as one of the teachers, and here Carl passed a boyhood which it was always his happiness to look back upon, and in which were laid the foundations of the eminence of his later life. Gutschmuths, who corresponded with the mother of the boy, was enthusiastic about him. "Obedience, industry, a lively spirit, energy, spirit, and kindness of heart," he wrote, "are his most striking characteristics."

Carl is making great strides towards becoming a professor of geography. It is a perfect delight to give him instruction in this study. . . . He is very strong and well-built; his flesh feels like iron." After eleven years passed under the care of the preceptors at Schnepfenthal, to whom he was strongly attached, young Ritter, now sixteen years old and determined to make education his profession, was invited by Mr. Hollweg, a leading banker of Frankfurt, to become the tutor of his children. By this plan he was to go at once to the University at Halle and study there at his employer's expense for three years under Professor Niemeyer. This Ritter did, acquiring a broader and more thorough culture, especially in classical and literary studies, which were undervalued at Schnepfenthal, and forming associations with many of those who were in time, like himself, to be accounted among the savans of Germany. Then began the period of his tutorship, most of it passed at Frankfurt, though abounding in summer trips with his pupils and occasional residences with them at different seats of learning, especially at Göttingen, and lasting in all, as well as we can make out from Mr. Gage's book, about nineteen years. During this time he had all the benefits to be derived from his patron's high social position as well as from his wealth, which enabled him to command the advantages of costly books and apparatus, and all other appliances for scientific study, while his own tastes and the discharge of his duties towards his pupils made his learning remarkable not only in the branches in which he afterwards became famous, but in all those which go to form a large and finished scholarship. His proficiency as tutor of the young Hollwegs and his acquaintance with eminent men secured him numerous flattering offers of positions at once congenial and remunerative. Some of these—such

as taking classes in the Frankfort Gymnasium and the secretaryship of the Frankfort Museum—he accepted, but declined all that would separate him from his pupils before their education was completed. When that time came and he was again at liberty, he was engaged upon his first geographical treatise, to which he had probably been inspired by his acquaintance with Von Humboldt, and which he had promised Pestalozzi, the great educational reformer of Yverdon, to prepare in his method. To this—or rather to the *Erdkunde*, an expansion of it—he addressed himself at Göttingen, and in 1817 the first volume was published. "The impression made in Berlin was so marked even among the officers of the Prussian army . . . that at once the question was heard on all their tongues, 'Who is this Mr. Ritter? We must secure him here.' Tempting invitations to positions of trust and honor began to pour in upon him, among them the tutorship of the two princesses of Saxe-Weimar, now the Queen of Prussia and the wife of the king's brother; but he had still to complete his *Erdkunde*, on which he was unwilling to relax his labors, and it was after much hesitation that he accepted the chair of History in the Frankfort Gymnasium, just vacated by Schlosser, the historian, on condition that he should be allowed first to finish his work. Established again at Frankfort, he realized his desire to marry, which his circumstances had hitherto forbidden. Still tempting offers came to him, and he accepted a professorship in the Government School of War at Berlin, with the right of lecturing, at an additional salary of \$1,200, in the University, where his favorite pupil, Augustus Hollweg, had now become a professor. This position, on which he entered when nearly forty years of age, he held during the remaining forty years of his long life—the years of his most active usefulness.

Mr. Gage inclines toward the generally expressed view that Ritter was greatest as a lecturer, not as an author. His books were, not to speak of irreverently, all thoroughly Germanic—wonders of erudition and research, but so ponderous and colossal in their minutely exhaustive statement of everything known on the subjects of which they treat, that the admiration expressed for them even by scholars seldom leads them to master their contents. His lectures were, however, singularly clear and fascinating, and probably they, by their effect on his students—who soon overflowed his lecture-room—and on the public through their posthumous publication by Prof. Daniel, of Halle, have done more to advance the science than his books. Nor must we omit from the enumeration of his contributions to geographical knowledge his founding the famous Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, and the numerous monographs on scientific subjects which he contributed to various periodicals. We have already named those of the books which Mr. Gage has considered suitable for translation and has given us. We hope it will not be long before he adds to their number the *Berlin Lectures on Europe*, which, he says, are already partially completed. We hope, also, that he will have reason to decide favorably upon the publication of Ritter's letters descriptive of his travels and of his Berlin life—topics whose omission, as we have before complained, goes far to destroy the interest in the present work which its subject is calculated to inspire, and whose appearance now would atone for the meagreness of the latter portions of the *Life*.

A STORY OF OLD PARIS.*

ANTOINE DE BONNEVAL presents us with a curious narrative of events occurring in and near Paris in the days of the Fronde, depicted under the alluring form of romance; the author—thoroughly versed in the history of that period, and using his story simply as a vehicle for illustrating the manners and morals prevailing at that day—furnishes us with a series of portraits of the great men who swayed the destinies of France during the earlier portions of Louis XIV.'s reign; when the power of the nobles, which had been broken in the previous reign by the strong will and genius of Richelieu, was not re-established; when all authority was concentrated in the monarch; and when the prodigal expenditure of Mazarin, the ultra-royalism of the proud Austrian Queen Regent, the intrigues of Gondl, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, and the violent struggles of the parliament for supremacy, plunged France into a revolution simultaneous with that which was distracting England, but differing widely from it in its leading causes and subsequent effects. In France the influence of the higher ranks was unimpaired; in England the spirit of democracy was rampant, the king was beheld and the nobles in exile. In France the insurgents were led by the Prince de Condé, the Dukes de Bouillon,

* *Antoine de Bonneval: a Tale of Paris in the Days of St. Vincent de Paul*. By the Rev. W. H. Anderson. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1867.

Longueville, Chevreuse, Nemours, and others of the old aristocracy; in England the leaders of rebellion were supplied from the middle or lower classes. "The Friends," says Buckle, "was like our rebellion, inasmuch that it was a struggle of the parliament against the crown; an attempt to secure liberty, and raise up a barrier against the despotism of government."

Individual opinion, political bias, or religious enthusiasm may frequently diminish the influence of an author and the value of his works; but the calmness, moderation, and judicious avoidance of those fierce denunciations and malignant slanders so often indulged in by partisan writers, which we are glad to remark in the present instance, renders the book before us alike interesting and instructive to all classes of readers.

Antoine de Bonneval is a young man of rank, recently appointed to a lieutenancy in the royal guard, and who at the commencement of the story sets out from his paternal castle to join the court at Paris, accompanied by two serving-men. His father gives him, at parting, his advice regarding many matters, of which the following may serve as a specimen: "The religion of a gentleman; graceful and easy; irreproachable but not excessive; the measure of devotion that sits well on a man who remembers that he is not a monk but a courtier; that is the *juste milieu*—the thing for my Antoine to aim at." We do not purpose to follow this hero through all his adventures, which merely serve as links to bind together the more interesting portions of the narrative, and by making Antoine acquainted with illustrious and eminent personages to enable the author to draw their portraits. The Queen Mother appears but seldom upon the scene, and while we cannot refrain from doing justice to her undoubted capacity for government, her strong will and determined courage, we join in the regret that she obstinately maintained in his position as minister a man so wholly unfitted to be the successor of Richelieu, one so weak, so inconsistent, and so deservedly unpopular as Mazarin. Two chapters are devoted to a characteristic interview between the arch-conspirators De Retz and the Prince de Condé:

"They are beyond comparison the two boldest, ablest, and most dangerous men in Paris who are now debating together on the aspect of public affairs. The timid and even trifling Mazarin stands dwarfed in the intellectual scale by the side of the coadjutor whose daring, reckless spirit of intrigue would have required an antagonist of the commanding qualities that expired with Richelieu to cope with and keep it in check. And for Condé, great of his illustrious line, what captain in the field, what prince or courtier in the presence chamber, or amid the chivalrous exercises practised by the nobility of martial France, can be placed in the balance against him? Turanne is wise and experienced, intrepid in action, calm in military judgment; but with Condé the full tide and rush of battle, the rapid, skilful manœuvre, seem as the very element of his life. He is never more himself, more light-hearted or free, than in the stress of extreme peril, when the fate of an army is hanging in the balance. What may be the last moment of his life seems also the moment of his keenest enjoyment."

The lengthy conversation is conducted with admirable tact by the wily churchman, and with becoming dignity on the part of the hero of Rocroi. An evening which Antoine passes at one of the brilliant *réunions* of the Hôtel Rambouillet enables the author to introduce some of the leading minds of the epoch, who are all described with that distinctness and difference which indicates a knowledge of their peculiar characteristics. Roudery, Pascal, Corneille, Madame de Ménéville, Mademoiselle Roudery-Bussy, de Rabutin, Bensérade, and a host of others join in the witty and intellectual conversation. In marked contrast to all these in spiritual beauty, earnest devotion, and love for mankind stands the noble and self-devoted St. Vincent de Paul. Never making himself personally prominent, and yet extending his gentle and beneficent influence throughout all ranks and classes of society, we find him at one time remonstrating with mingled courage and humility with the proud regent and her irresolute and selfish minister; at another curbing, with irresistible moral power, the blind fury of the outlaws; leading by mild but eloquent persuasion the erring and the ignorant into the path of truth; and gathering into a place of safety the little foundlings who, until his day, enjoyed no better shelter than the door-step or the street. To the pious zeal and energy of this great man and the excellent Madame Legras, who acted under his direction, we owe the foundation of that order whose benevolent ministrations have extended throughout the civilized world—the order of the Sisters of Charity:

"When, therefore, we discover St. Vincent seated and writing in the roomy but scantily furnished apartment of his house of Saint Lazare, we may be sure that he is occupied very differently from the crowds of intelligent and educated beings who are breathing at that same moment the air of Paris; and who, grave or thoughtless,

toiling or at rest, are simply pursuing their own fancies, and worshipping their own selfish aims. It is to relieve a suffering, it is to gladden a distress, to enlighten an ignorance, to remove a doubtfulness, to save from a sin, that Vincent is at work there. And as he bends over his writing, you may see from the expression of his features how his whole heart and soul go along with his occupation. It is an old man whom you are looking at; he sits by that little bare table, without fire or carpet in his room, and clad, notwithstanding the severity of the season, in a cassock worn thin with age. He has seen more than three score years and ten of a world of toil, and passed them all in hardness of living. A youth of poverty, a middle life and age of labor for souls, have injured him indeed; but they have combined, with rigorous penances, his 'care of all the churches,' and a saint's constant sighing after his liberation to immortality, in tracing those furrows along his cheeks and wasting that spare frame. But his brow is unwrinkled, and tells of tranquillity and content reigning there within; while the light in his eye and the habitual smile that plays on his speaking lips seem almost to belie the white hair which those long years of labor have blanched in their fruitful passage over his head."

The pious teachings, discipline, and above all the example of St. Vincent, have the effect of inducing Antoine to become a priest, a vocation for which he seems to be well suited. This book presents the remarkable aspect of a romance utterly devoid of even an allusion to love. To the reader, unlearned yet interested in the history of these stirring times, the knowledge acquired under this amusing form will be most welcome; and should his sympathies be enlisted in the interests of Catholicism the attraction will be greatly enhanced. The liberality, however, of the writer's views and the absence of all religious animosity will render his work acceptable to those differing from him in belief.

The pages entitled *Prologue* or *Epilogue*, and the nineteenth chapter, *Apologetic*, do not seem to be consistent with the earnest style in which the work is written, nor are they in accordance with good taste.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Benedicite: Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as Manifested in His Works. By G. Chaplin Child, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1867.—We cannot profess any of the enthusiastic admiration for the canticle—"Benedicite, Omni Opera Domini"—that Dr. Child evidently feels, and do not in the least share his regret that it has been excluded from many English Prayer-Books—it is, we believe, retained in all of ours—and is very rarely used in the service. "It is," he says in his quasi-apology for it, "impossible not to perceive that there is a 'shyness,' or even a repugnance, with some in regard to it which causes it to be sung at the times prescribed [Lent] rather in obedience to custom or ecclesiastical authority than from any feeling of its fitness for devotional use." We cannot agree with him that this arises from "a too literal acceptance of the words themselves," such as foolish painters used to evince by putting them into little fat balloons coming out of animals' mouths. The reason why the canticle is ignored, except in churches where it is desirable to display the proficiency of antiphonal choirs, is rather that people in the first place are bored by the inordinate length of a thing all whose "point" might be stated by saying *et cetera* after the first verse, and, next, are alive to the absurdity of making over thirty repetitions of a stereotyped refrain which irresistibly recalls the account of the Battle of the Nile by the gentleman who "was there all the while." Viewed in the light of a poetical production, the *Benedicite* cannot be considered such a success as to occasion surprise that the Hebrew Children do not again appear in the capacity of bards; and it is highly creditable to the taste of the translators of the Bible that it was consigned to the Apocrypha. Dr. Child also, we think, errs in imputing to the Hebrew Children ideas which, at the time at any rate, never occurred to them. Thus, in his chapter on the verses,

"O ye Frost and Cold, I bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify His name for ever."
"O ye Ice and Snow, I bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify His name for ever."

after premising that we are apt to associate frost and snow with disagreeable accompaniments until we do not appreciate the good of them, he continues:

"That the Three Children understood their operation better is obvious from the circumstance that cold and its effects are dwelt upon in the hymn with a minuteness bordering upon redundancy, as illustrations not only of Power, but also of Goodness and Wisdom."

It may be a pity to spoil this view, just as it is to suggest that Turner never imagined the complicated beauties that Mr. Ruskin discerns in his pictures. But if Dr. Child has ever felt inclined, as most of us have, when sweltering in the dog-days, to dwell upon thoughts of frost and cold, ice and snow, he ought to have been able to understand how three gentlemen in a burning, fiery furnace, and with an unlimited demand for objects to apostrophize, should naturally dwell upon things of a cool nature, even "with a minuteness bordering upon redundancy," without bothering themselves about the obligations of the Euphrates to its "snowy reservoirs of the Armenian mountains." We do not wish to censure Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego for not having made a better hymn under circumstances which were certainly not conducive to the composition of good hymns; but we always had an admiration for the English duke whoever he was who, to the Prayer-Book's "Let us pray," occurring at the close of a half-dozen or more prayers, used to

respond, "Certainly—by all means," and we object strongly to any plan for introducing any more vain repetitions into the service, or regarding the departure of such of those already in as are in a fair way to get out.

Nevertheless, whatever may be thought of the hymn or of Dr. Child's estimate of it, it has certainly provided him the texts for the most admirable popular treatise of natural theology we have ever read. Its verses taken in order form the themes for dissertations by one well versed in the natural sciences upon the evidences of design in every province of the animate and inanimate creation. Most of the facts, to be sure, we know before; but they are most happily grouped and invested with a charm such as writers seldom succeed in giving even to this fascinating class of subjects. It is not merely that the evidence of familiar truths shows indisputably the beneficence as well as the omnipotence and omniscience of the Creator, but that these facts, which have been harped upon until we are tired of them in their threadbare form, are recounted with a simplicity and fervent admiration that excites the reader's wondering enthusiasm in spite of himself. It is no extravagance to say that we have never read a more charming book, or one which we can commend more confidently to our readers with the assurance that it will aid them, as none other that we know of can do, to

—"look through Nature up to Nature's God."

Not a little of its charm is due to the naturalness and simplicity of Dr. Child's style, which the learning of the naturalist has not impaired. Every clergyman would do well particularly to study this book, with the assurance that it can open to him a new range of subjects such as his hearers, if not himself, would welcome with enthusiastic approval. For the rest, the handsome volume is delightful in appearance, and is one of the most creditable specimens of American book-making that has come from the Riverside press.

Half Tints, Table d'Hôte and Drawing-room. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.—Short essays and sketches have of late assumed an important position in the current literature of the day, and though less absorbing in interest than novels and romances, they nevertheless form a most agreeable species of reading, suggesting wholesome food for reflection, and conducing in no small measure to moral and mental improvement. *Half Tints* is the latest contribution of the kind which we have received. The questions therein considered, and the spirit in which they are dealt with, belong essentially to our own time and country, and, although there is an apparent desire on the part of the author to infuse into his writing much of the good nature and cheerfulness which evidently belong to his character, his essays, with few exceptions, constitute a series of protests against the order of things in our midst. The first chapter is retrospective, descriptive of "gilded memories" of early days, and of dear companions who, if not destined to share with him life's journey, contributed to smooth the writer's way at its commencement, and shed a cheering light at intervals to help his progress. The pleasant visit to the *First Mary* in her widowhood is very natural and wholly pardonable, and there is something decidedly original and quaint in the remark that "if there be a legacy a dying man can leave utterly to damn his memory, it is a portrait to embarrass his widow." To keen perceptive faculties the author adds an unusual amount of moral courage, which does not flinch from exposing those abuses which have gradually taken root in his own country, but have hitherto been considered so remarkably flagrant in the old world. Among many remarks on hotels, the truth of which many travellers will readily recognize, and after animadverting on the subservient attention to distinguished visitors or permanent lodgers, he says:

"The treatment others receive is secondary and incidental. Especially the system of fees gives the former the advantage. Fees in this country are for ostensible charges, and fees for everything descending through all the gradations of service. Fees to the porter, who fees the proprietor for his license; fees to the boy who takes your umbrella and duster in the check-room, who pays the rental; fees to the chambermaid who modestly, and not at all suggestively, tells you how mean are her wages; the house-keeper dividing the profits of her appealing eloquence; fees to the Frenchman who goes to the addressed porter; fees to the waiter who came all the way from Ireland, who wasn't in the July riots, who never repeated a word he overheard at the table, who has a wife and seven children—one of them very small, please your honor—who gets all the best cuts and never serves cold dishes, who always knows a gentleman by his kindness to servants, who would be stupid if he gave all you give him to his superior, who pays the big house for his office monthly; fees for soap and water in the wash-room; fees to the self-sacrificing genius who presides over the dressing-room, whose occupation is so unwholesome; fees to the young man at the door of the dining-room, who tells you he is a detective, who has saved many a bat and coat to gentlemen who never gave him a shilling, but who has since watched the same hats and coats just the same as if each had given him a guinea; fees to the boy in the reading-room who never files the St. Louis papers till he sees the generous St. Louisian come in, who always gets the virgin reading; fees, in short, for everything, regular and extra, necessary and luxury, from office down to boot-room, from a bottle of Widow Cluquot to a sheet of indispensable paper."

Table d'Hôte is one of the best chapters, and in the *Drawing-room* the pernicious influence of ordinary hotel-life upon women is forcibly and truthfully set forth. The self-admirers and self-exalters who think it vulgar to vote, the capitalist, the broker, and the clergyman are all seemingly sketches from life. Perhaps the least agreeable chapter is that on *Happiness*; but it is amply redeemed by those which follow, which are marked by earnest thought and sound, good sense.

The Gospels; with Moral Reflections on each Verse. By Pasquier Quesnel. With an Essay by Bishop Wilson; revised by Dr. H. A. Boardman. New York: Randolph, 1867.—Quesnel died in 1710. His *Moral Reflections* on the New Testament had been very popular, and, as he was a Jansenist, this aroused the wrath of the Jesuits and Louis XIV., and they persuaded the Pope Clement

XI. to publish his famous *Constitution Unigenities* (1713), in which one hundred and one propositions of Quesnel's were formally condemned, some of them Augustinian, some Biblical, some anti-papal. Louis XV. made this constitution a law of France in 1730. But it is now forgotten (it is to be found in the appendix to Vol. II. of the above work), while the work of Quesnel still bears fruit. A translation was published in England, eliminating some Roman Catholic dogmas, by Mr. Russell. Bishop Wilson found still more to leave out in his edition of *The Gospels* in 1830; and Dr. Boardman pruned it again about ten years ago. It is now reissued in good style by Mr. Randolph.

The expurgated editions are not generally to our taste. We always want to see the expurgated parts put into brackets, so as to draw special attention to them, that we may know what we have lost. We hope this may be done in a new edition; for it is a long task to compare the revision with the original. Meanwhile, it is a comfort to believe that Quesnel actually did say what is here put forth, although he may also have said a good many naughty things which Bishop Wilson and Dr. Boardman thought it best that we should not see.

What is here said is, for the most part, beautiful, simple, fervent, and evangelical. There is no criticism of the text, but just the simple spiritual sense of the words is intended to be brought out. This is very happily done. Of course, lacking fixed principles of interpretation, his inferences are sometimes fanciful and not borne out by the letter of the Word; but they are always suggestive. It is eminently a practical commentary. It was the work of Quesnel's life, written and re-written; and Christians of every name will find in it spiritual benefit and nourishment. The translation is exceedingly well done.

The History of the Church in Verse. Composed for the Use of Bible-classes, Sabbath-schools, and Families, in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont. New York: W. L. Pooley. 1867.—It was certainly arduous to attempt making church history attractive by putting it into rhyme; and the result, as might have been expected, is neither history nor poetry. The feet of these lines seem, for the most part, to be correctly measured off, and the movement is quite a comfortable sort of amble; but the substance, after all, is but a plain and common sort of prose, with excellent moral reflections and episcopal advice interspersed. And then, too, it is seasoned throughout with a very High Church flavor. What the bishop calls "the sects" find no favor in his eyes; as in these choice lines, which are a favorable specimen of his best manner:

"But all the later sects which rose
In England were the Church's foes.
Without excuse or valid cause
They broke the apostolic laws,
And chose her rule to set aside,
In wilful, independent pride."

In the whole of Christendom there is only the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of America which are genuine and safe:

"The Church of England and our own
On that safe system stand alone."

All else is heresy or schism:

"And heresy and schism can find
No favor in the Church's mind."

As the author melodiously and smoothly sings, outside of this communion all looks foreboding. What a responsibility is thrown upon the Episcopal Church! It ought to circulate these tuneless notes far and wide among the rising generation, so as to help and restore the only real unity of Christendom! The Church may be a gainer even if poetry is not.

Peace, and Other Poems. By John J. White. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—When a middle-aged gentleman of literary tastes and elegant leisure suddenly sees fit to proclaim his religious convictions in Spenserian stanza, respectable grammar, and elegant typography, we know of no means by which his family or friends can restrain him from exercising the inalienable and dearest right of the free-born American citizen to practically test the Horatian maxim, *Dulce est desipere*. To be sure they may quote to him that other Horatian maxim:

—'mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ';

but in vain. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; and no amount of quotation, unenforced by a straightjacket, will convince a man that he is not a poet who is persuaded that he is. Now that the fever of the type has somewhat abated, and Mr. White can calmly and coolly contemplate the consequences of his rash act, and the horrors of his awful position, we feel it would be in the highest degree uncharitable to add to his remorse by any word of ours. We are confident we can do him no kinder office, none for which he will be, at some future day, more grateful than gently and silently to commit his poems to the waves of that Lethean river beneath whose darkling waters so many poems of so many other middle-aged gentlemen rest for ever in a peace which passes understanding.

The Life and Labors of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore Missionaries. By John Clark Marshman. Popular edition. New York: U. D. Ward. 1867.—The noble story of the trials, labors, and successes of the first three British missionaries to British India is told excellently well in this interesting volume, an abridgement made in 1864 of the larger work of the author. It is difficult now to realize the opposition and obloquy which attended the revival of missionary zeal at the beginning of the present century, when even Sydney Smith, with all his large humanity, poured forth sarcasm upon these faithful men (in terms he afterwards regretted) as "insulting the religion, shocking the feelings, and irritating the passions of their fellow-creatures, and throwing a whole colony into bloodshed and confusion." Southey

defended them with a better zeal, saying: "In fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics, have done more to spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished or even attempted by all the world besides." These three men, one originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and the third master of a charity school, began a movement which will ever live in Christian story; they began the moral revolution of an empire. They translated the whole Bible into Bengalee, and the New Testament into six other languages; and, by their labors and sacrifices, they won a place among the moral heroes of the race.

Plain Sermons on Personal Religion. By the Rev. George W. Natt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—Mr. Natt was an earnest and devoted Episcopal minister in West Philadelphia, who died in 1863, at the age of forty-eight, worn out by his faithful toil. These sermons were prepared for the press under the direction of the late Bishop Potter, of Philadelphia, and they will be found to be clear, simple, and earnest expositions of divine truth, well adapted to be read to plain congregations in the absence of a regular minister. A good likeness of Mr. Natt faces the title-page.

Hints and Thoughts for Christians. By the Rev. John Todd, D.D. New York: American Tract Society. 1867.—Dr. Todd always has something direct and sharp to say, with a pertinent story by way of illustration. He talks to Christians here in a way that ought to make them—much better than they are.

THE MAGAZINES.

In its last two numbers, those for April and May, *The Art Journal*, following the practice adopted on the occasion of the Great Exhibitions at London in 1851 and 1862, has been materially enlarged by the addition of a supplementary illustrated catalogue of the works of art in the Paris Exhibition, in which the engravings are accompanied by critical and explanatory remarks and completed by a general essay on the subject. The illustrations, we need scarcely say, are the perfection of wood engraving; they are executed from photographs and will include the finest and most characteristic specimens from each subdivision of the several departments. The catalogue, which, like its predecessors, will form when completed a distinct volume from *The Art Journal*, is the best consolation within the reach of lovers of art unable to visit Paris, and is alone worth the cost of *The Journal*. The steel engravings of the last number are Gilbert's "Christiana at the House of Galus"—the supper scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*,—and "Scottish Lassies"—a pair of rustic beauties on their way to the milking—from the painting of John Phillip, R.A., just dead.

An admirable magazine in its own niche, unpretending but thorough and remarkably cheap, withal, is *The American Educational Monthly*. Without the rampant self-assertion characteristic of most educational enthusiasts, it discusses with earnest common sense the shortcomings of our public schools, revealing a condition of things that ought to be known beyond the limits of the profession it addresses. There are no parents who might not derive large benefit from a monthly perusal of this little magazine, and few teachers of the old régime that would not be put to confusion at the distance they have been left behind by the advance of educational science. Particularly desirable, we should think, for teachers are the résumé of events in the department of Educational Intelligence and the clear, candid statements of the unusually well done reviews of text-books and other works which come within the peculiar province of the teacher.

Another publication deserving more unmingled praise than can often be awarded so new an attempt in a fresh field is *The American Naturalist*, the admirable monthly of the Essex Institute. Adapted both to scientific and ordinary readers, it is neither below the level of the one nor above that of the other, and while the former may read it with instruction, the layman, if a lover of nature, will do so understandingly and with delight. For the rest, the typography is beautiful and the illustrations abundant and faultless. As *The Naturalist* has not caught the infection of appearing a month in advance of its date, the June number has not yet reached us, so our general comments apply to the three previous issues and we cannot allude in detail to articles, as we shall take an early opportunity to do with a fresh number.

The Westminster Review for April is a number of even unusual force, variety, and suggestiveness. We are in general, as is well known, opposed upon principle to reprints of foreign periodicals, thinking it better that such work should be done so far as possible, and encouraged so far as possible, at home. But we must acknowledge our great desire to have *The Westminster* widely read in this country. There is a boldness and thoroughgoing honesty of purpose about this review remarkable in conservative England and valuable anywhere. The article on Mr. Dixon's *New America* in the present number should be read by all our country people. It is a very vigorous and most interesting production. *The Hopes and Fears of Reformers* is a candid and thoughtful paper and the review of Mr. Swinburne's poetry will attract attention. It is written as we think in a worthy spirit, but seems to us rather conventional or deficient in originality. Twenty close columns of discussion on this subject which contain, numerous as are the pieces touched upon, no eulogistic words respecting *The Hymn to Proserpine* strike us very strangely. There is an important paper on Hobbes in this number and three other articles of calibre, respectively entitled *Italy and the War of 1866*, *The Papal Drama*, and *Contemporary Music and Musical Literature*. There is also in the department of *Contemporary Literature* an appreciative notice of the poems of George Arnold.

The London Quarterly is also an unusually good number, and in *New American Religions* it has likewise an article on the highly suggestive work of Mr. Dixon. The opening paper is a review of Donne's *George the Third* and Jesse's *Memoirs* of the same amiable monarch. There is a very graphic résumé of *Du Chailly's Recent Travels*, and the article on *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* is of singular interest. *Wellington in the Peninsula* and *The Four Reform Orators* conclude an issue of this quarterly which is considerably above its average in variety and not below it in sterling value.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NICHOLS & NOTES, Boston.—Ornithology and Oology of New England. By Edward A. Samuels. Pp. vii., 583. 1867.
P. O'SHEA, New York.—Rosa Immaculata. By Marie Josephine. Pp. 230. 1867.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture and Wine Making. By Peter B. Mead. Illustrated. Pp. 483. 1867.
Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. De Forest. Pp. 521. 1867.
Sowing the Wind: a Novel. By E. Lynn Linton. Pp. 145. 1867.
JAMES O'KANE, New York.—Housekeeping Made Easy. By Mrs. A. F. Hill. Illustrated. Pp. 427. 1867.
Amy Denbrook: a Life Drama. Pp. 482. 1867.
G. W. CARLETON & CO., New York.—The Bishop's Son: a Novel. By Alice Cary. Pp. 416. 1867.
Man and the Conditions that Surround Him, His Progress and Decline, Past and Present. Pp. 365. 1867.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—The Rector's Wife; or, The Valley of a Hundred Fires. Pp. 371.
HURD & HODGKINSON, New York.—Political Parties in the United States. By the late ex-President Martin Van Buren. Edited by his Son. Pp. 436. 1867.
Old England; Its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hoppin. Pp. vi., 468. 1867.
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.—The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century. By Francis Parkman. Pp. lxxix., 463. 1867.
BAKER, VOORHIS & CO., New York.—A Manual of the Law of Fixtures. By John W. Hill, LL.B. Pp. 64. 1867.
DEVRIES, ISAARA & CO., Boston.—Marriage in the United States. By Auguste Carlier. Translated from the French by B. J. Jeffries, A.M., M.D., etc., etc. Third edition. Pp. 179. 1867.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Bible Teachings in Nature. By Rev. Hugh Macmillan. Pp. 344. 1867.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—First Historical Transformations of Christianity. From the French of Athanasius Coquerel the younger. By E. P. Evans, Ph.D. Pp. 264. 1867.
JOHN E. POTTER, Philadelphia.—A Key to the Bankrupt Act. By G. Morgan Eldridge. Pp. 79. 1867.
E. B. MYERS, Chicago.—Observations on the Growth of the Mind. By Sampson Reed. Seventh edition. Pp. 96. 1867.
GEORGE E. & F. W. WOODWARD, New York.—Woodward's Record of Horticulture for 1866. Edited by Andrew S. Fuller. Pp. 127. 1867.
HENRY HOLT, Boston.—The Heroines of the Bible. By the Rev. P. C. Hendley. 3 vols. Pp. 112, 101, and 94. 1867.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—When Were Our Gospels Written? By Constantine Tischendorf. Pp. 132.
The Syrian Leper; or, The Sinner's Malady and the Sinner's Cure. By Rev. E. P. Rogers, D.D. Pp. 100.
Bible Prayers. Arranged by Rev. Jonas King, D.D. Pp. 182.
PAMPHLETS, ETC.
CARRELL, PETER & GALPIN, London and New York.—The Holy Bible, Part XV. Illustrated by Gustave Doré.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—The Rebellion Record. Part III.
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTELL, London.—The Imperial Paris Guide. Pp. 192.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Aunt Margaret's Trouble. Pp. 73. 1867.
We have also received *The Home Monthly*—Nashville; *The New England Farmer*—Boston.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not expect of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

CREATION OR TRANSMUTATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I had already completed a letter upon the lecture of Professor Agassiz, entitled *The Monkeys and the Native Inhabitants of South America*, when your notice of the same met my eye in your issue of the 6th instant. My attempt was to show that the lecturer's argument was not so decisive against the "development theory" as he seemed to regard it. The following is the substance of that argument:

The question is, whether we are the lineal descendants of monkeys, or whether we are the children of a creative mind; whether we are the result of a natural revolution, or whether we are the expression of a specific act of creation. The answer depends upon the interpretation of the facts which we have before us. Then, what are the facts?

Polyps have existed from the beginning. They are found through all geological formations; and they exist now. The same is true of the aculephs and of the echinoderms. Among mollusks we have bivalve, univalve, and chambered cells existing from the oldest time to the present day. We have worms with solid covering, and we have crustacea from the oldest to the present time. Among insects, the first we find belong to the carboniferous period. Then, among vertebrates, we have fishes from the beginning.* Again, we have reptiles from the carboniferous period. We have birds either from the triassic or the jurassic period.

So it is seen how many classes we had from the beginning, and how many of these were contemporaneous with one another. Can it be said that animals which were contemporaneous were descendants of one another, or that animals which appeared together were derived one from the other? Certainly not. We have, at least, so many beginnings as are representatives of these different classes in the earliest strata. But this is not all. The polyps, the aculephs, and the echinoderms, for example, have existed from the beginning through all ages; yet those of the earliest period are among the lowest, while we have them of a much higher grade living now. Still,

* [This assertion of our correspondent is not sustained by the facts of science.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

we have those of the original low grade in existence to-day.

Now, what started these simple forms into a desire to become something higher, and to go on becoming higher? and what made them feel, at the same time, that they had done enough in the direction of something higher? and what gave them the power to both rise and remain on the lower level at the same time? It is inconceivable that physical force or natural agency could produce such results. But mind can do it. When an author sets out to record the processes of his mind, he can do it at every stage of perfection; he can do it in such a manner that the records may be the evidence of his gradual progress, and, in the end, may be the evidence of his highest culture; while at the same time he may record, if only for memory's sake, the doings of his early days by the side of the productions of his maturer years. It is just that which we read in nature. We have the earlier manifestations of creative power, and we have the later and higher productions. And we have, by the side of these later productions, the reproduction, as it were, of what had been in the beginning. This is to be traced in the gastropods, of which we find the lowest forms here at present. It is the case with the cephalopods, of which the earliest forms are here now; and by their side are the nautilus and all the varieties of the cephalopods belonging to our day. So it is with the worms; so with the crustacea; so with the insects, though this class begins only in the carboniferous period. The fact that insects have their beginning in that age is another indication of the working of mind in the process, for, during the earliest periods of the earth's history, the whole of its surface was covered with water. There was no land, and there were no terrestrial animals. But when vegetation began to be extensive, especially terrestrial vegetation, we have, in the production of insects, the first indication of land animals. Let us note the order of succession of the vertebrate animals.

We find, first, that fishes existed as long as the surface of the earth was in the condition in which aquatic animals alone could exist. Then reptiles were called into existence, just at the time when the land above the sea had become extensive enough to put forth a proper abode for the large masses of reptiles at the earliest periods. We find afterwards the introduction of birds and other warm-blooded animals at the time when our atmosphere had been deprived of its accumulation of carbon, before which such animals could not breathe. Here is a physical fact which precedes the introduction of those living beings which require a purer atmosphere. Now, the question is, Has this freeing of the atmosphere of carbon been the cause of the coming in of birds and mammals, or have the processes of nature been so conducted by a surprising intellect that at a certain time the atmosphere should be free of its impure matter, that higher forms of being might be called into existence? When we see that there is such a gradation, and when we find that there are no intermediate forms, it seems hardly possible that causes and influences which are ever acting in the same way should have produced this result. We know that the physical causes are the same now as they were before, and that physical or chemical agencies act now as they have acted from the beginning; these from the identical character of the rocks of the older and the more recent formations, and from the chemical identity of the materials of which celestial bodies are composed.

Then, are the different animals which have existed at different times, and which differ in the most varied manner, the result of causes which do not vary—which act ever in the same manner? This is contrary to all argument, contrary to any evidence we have. We cannot ascribe diversified results to uniform causes. We cannot ascribe the cause of certain facts to agencies the action of which is unknown to us. Physicists and chemists know perfectly well what electricity, what light, what magnetism can produce. They know what are the possible combinations between chemical elements, and that these various combinations and these various causes are different from the causes whose effects we witness in the animal kingdom. Therefore, it is not logical to ascribe the diversity which exists among living beings to causes which exhibit uniformity of nature and uniformity of action. There is only one conceivable possible cause; and this is the intervention of mind.

Let us examine that course of reasoning from its starting point, and see if we are not carried legitimately, if not inevitably, to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the professor has arrived. He says that, during the earliest periods of the earth's history, the whole of her surface was covered with water. By what cause did the surface cease to be thus covered? Was it a natural one, or was it a special interposition of the creative mind? There is no indication of a claim that it was the latter; and I would not insult so eminent a naturalist as the reasoner is by hinting even that he would for a moment think of advancing such a claim. One who would assert the necessity of a direct act of the Creator in that process would require a like interference in the lifting of each separate atom of vapor into cloud, and in the sending of every rain-drop back to earth.

Again, the rising of portions of land above the sea for the abode of reptiles, and the precipitation of the carbon from the atmosphere, in order to provide the proper mixture of gases for warm-blooded animals to inhale, are admitted, by implication, to have been among the regular operations of nature.

Yet again, the development of polyps, etc., from the original "lowest" to the present "higher" grade is, if I infer correctly, held out as a movement in the natural order—like the reproduction of the same grades, which is witnessed daily, hourly, momentarily now.

Where is the need of a break in this chain? or, if there is need here, why was there not the same between any two of the links back to the first? The occasion for a severance, to my view, cannot be proved any greater in one place than in another, and none can be shown for it in either place. The difference between the gradation

just noticed and that from a low into a high species of animals appears to me to be not in kind but in amount. I can understand as easily, and have what to my comprehension is as good ground for believing, that a combination of organic causes, so to speak, operating upon the constituents in the germ of a monkey, led to the birth of a man, as that a few of such causes carried forward the germ into the monkey, or that one of them acted at first upon one of the ingredients of the air—namely, carbon—eliminating it so that the air should be fitted for the monkey and the man to breathe.

I will illustrate my idea by supposing a stream of water running in its channel till it terminates in a pond. The water accumulates, and after a certain period it has risen so high as to overflow its banks at a given point. The outletting current divides itself into three equal branches, so that each branch contains one-third as much water as was contained in the original stream. The first finds its way among substances having in their composition oxygen and hydrogen in quantities and proportions such that, by the aid of one variety of the sun's rays, it gathers into itself out of those elements water sufficient to make it equal with the pond's inlet. Let this stand for a suggestion of the manner of reproduction of the lowest grade of animals.

The second branch, coming in contact with larger amounts of the ingredients of water, and assisted by an additional number of those same solar rays, increases to a size above that of the trunk stream. This is for an intimation of the possible process by which a particular species was lifted above its first level.

The third branch, coursing among those gases different from the same in the first case both as to quantity and proportion, and having the help of a union of several or of all of the varieties of solar rays, together with that of agencies which have been generated already out of the chemical decompositions and recombinations, changes itself from water into an entirely new, a more complicated, a finer, a "higher" compound of the elements oxygen and hydrogen. This is for an index of the conceivable spontaneous (not supernatural) transmutation of one order into another.

To be sure, we understand what electricity, light, and all the other known imponderable agents can produce, and that they at present do not produce animated beings out of the unorganized atoms which, having by some means become organized into the egg, will unfold themselves into those beings; but no deduction can be drawn from the fact of our knowledge that the birth of the beings from the egg is not a natural one. There is no better foundation for the inference that the collecting together of the unorganized particles into the egg was miraculous. On the contrary, the derivative action's being natural points by logical necessity to the primitive one as so.

Further, as sound an argument against the former existence of mastodons can be based upon the fact that none are found living now, as is this against the spontaneous gradation of species, started from the evidence of their being no such gradations in the present age. We assume, in the one case as in the other, that the reproducing and the developing forces of nature were bent from their original directions into new ones—quite likely, for the very reason that new materials lay in their way upon which for them to modify their action. It is possible that all the ingredients forming the earth's surface have been so worked over that there cannot be any farther transmutations, at least until after the centering of all lives into a single "breath;" the sinking to sleep of that; and its awakening into a germ which shall open into a host of shining intelligences around—"a golden throne beside the King of Heaven."

I do not flinch at the thought that I shall be classed among those who would account that King as nothing but a mere invisible point or spring of physical force, without personality, and every other of the attributes which it has been the custom to ascribe to him. No one with a reasoning turn of mind can conjure up, before his intellect, any such person. So I will give rest to that bugbear.

But granting a great first Cause, which I do grant fully, my rendering makes him much greater in his originating, far-reaching, creative power than does that of Professor Agassiz; for his presents to view an operator of the plodding kind, who would seem to have required a long time to think, and to have needed many opportunities for trial, before completing his work; while mine holds forth one who, at a glance, saw his plan from beginning to ending, and, by a single effort of the will, so set his spring that its motion started into preparation for action all the springs of future being. Professor Agassiz introduces a manipulating experimenter; I, a genius holding the illimitable universe in the grasp of his imagination.

G. W. EVELETH.

PORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE, April 20, 1867.

SUNDAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In the excellent article entitled *Sunday*, in your paper of May 18, I find the following sentences. Speaking of that very large class of the population who do not go to church at all, or who, having gone there Sunday morning, seek something like recreation for the remainder of the day, you say:

"A variety of compromises are effected. Some people sit at home and grimly abstain from every kind of occupation save eating. Some elderly gentlemen smoke all day, many young gentlemen pay visits, nearly all young ladies receive visitors; but each and all, whatever they do, go about with an interior conviction that it is wrong, and that some day the inevitable consequences of wrong-doing will fall upon them. The vividness and strength of such conviction vary with the age, sex, and development of the individual, but no Protestant can be without it. The strong sense of individual responsibility to a Divine law, which is the essence of Protestantism, seems brought to bear with inexorable severity on the observance of the Sabbath."

Further on you say:

"But we have made a law of the Sabbath which is Judaic and not Christian, and our consciences are educated to observe it."

You proceed to remark that a gradual amelioration in this respect might be produced in the cities by opening museums, picture-galleries, and public libraries to the people after morning service.

These, no doubt, would be highly beneficial measures, furnishing useful recreation to many idlers, and attracting some who would otherwise seek vicious amusements. But a moment's reflection will show you that they do not touch the root of the matter while the public conscience is left under its present erroneous impressions. To be sure, it is better that the "Sabbath-breaker" should be reading a novel or viewing pictures or specimens of natural history than to be drinking or gambling; but if he carries an uneasy conscience everywhere, if he really supposes himself to be sinning (and through that fact is sinning) in the former of these occupations as really as in the latter, the reform which you will have introduced is surely a very superficial one. Ought we not to go deeper?

It is obvious, as you have said, that we have all been taught from childhood to believe that Christianity requires the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath. It is nevertheless true, as you have said, that our sabbatical law and belief are Judaic, and not Christian. The radical remedy, then, for the evil of which you complain is to provide genuine instruction upon this point for the community, to show them the fact that Christianity, as expressed in the Bible, gives actually no command whatever for any sabbatical observance, and no injunction whatever to refrain from any act on Sunday that would be right on any other day.

Is it strange that so few people know the two facts last stated? Is it strange that almost everybody believes that some sabbatical observance is enjoined in the Bible for Christians, and that Sunday is the day expressly appointed for it? The strangeness will disappear if you consider that almost all our children are taught the Puritanic doctrine on this subject from their infancy, that almost all the clergy teach it to adults as a part of the Christian system, that a large and influential department of our current literature is constantly renewing these inculcations—for instance, the newspapers and magazines called "religious" and the publications of the American Tract Society—and that there is no regular provision made for publication of the facts on the other side.

In saying that no regular provision is made for public demonstration of the fact that Christianity (as expressed in the Bible) does not include any sabbatical observance, I have greatly understated the matter. Although the publications just referred to habitually contain many statements thoroughly erroneous upon these subjects, their managers absolutely refuse either to publish communications in correction of these errors or to state such correction in their own words. When a tract of the American Tract Society or an article in *The Observer*, *Evangelist*, or any of that class of papers and magazines, has published (as often happens) something directly at variance with truth and fact in regard to Sabbath observance, there is no possibility of getting the correction before the same audience that received the false statement. The managers of these establishments will not publish it, nor even let their readers know that any error has been committed; and the editors of secular papers will tell you that it is not in their department.

You, sir, seem to think by what you have written in regard to Sunday that the publication of truth is in your department. I, therefore, respectfully request you to publish, for the benefit of the many who know not where to look for a just statement of Christian doctrine respecting sabbatical observance, the following brief abstract of what the Bible teaches upon that subject, forming the introduction to a volume entitled *The Obligation of the Sabbath: a Discussion between Rev. J. Newton Brown and William B. Taylor* (Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1853):

SIX PROPOSITIONS.

I. There is one, and only one, weekly Sabbath, enjoined, described, or in the remotest manner alluded to, in the whole Bible, whether Hebrew or Christian—the Saturday Sabbath. The seventh day is the Sabbath. No other day is so designated: no other day can be the Bible Sabbath (Exod. xx. 11).

II. This Sabbath was strictly a ceremonial and Jewish institution (Levit. xxiii. 2; Deut. v. 15). An especial "sign" between God and the "children of Israel" (Exod. xxxi. 13, 17; Ezek. xl. 12).

III. As confirmatory of this, Jesus studiously and repeatedly violated the Sabbath (compare Matt. xii. 1, 2, with Exod. xvi. 28, 29, and Num. xv. 32, 35; also, John vi. 8, 9, 10, with Jerem. xvi. 22), and justified this violation by the direct assertion of his right, and (by necessary implication) of his intent, to abolish it. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath" (Mark ii. 27, 28).

IV. While the Sabbath was thus openly and constantly broken by Jesus and his apostles, they never, on the other hand, enjoined, or even encouraged, its observance in any manner whatever, either by example, by precept, or by slightest intimation; nor can a single passage be found among all the New Testament writers condemning the neglect of this law, or reproving the "Sabbath-breaker."

V. On the contrary, the Sabbath law was wholly and unequivocally abrogated for the Gentile world by the first great council of the Catholic Church, held at Jerusalem, under the immediate direction of "the apostles and elders;" which council decreed that "keeping of the Law" was an unnecessary thing, and a burden not to be laid upon those who were not Jews (Acts xv. 24, 28, 29).

VI. Hence the subsequent Epistles, with one voice, regard the sanctification of the Sabbath as a provisional thing, fulfilled and superseded by the Gospel dispensation: the "rest which remaineth to the people of God" being not that of "the seventh day" (nor that which "Joshua had given" in Canaan), but that into which they "who have believed do enter" when they "have ceased from their own works" (Heb. iv. 3, 4, 8, 9, 10). "For by the works of the Law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16; Rom. iii. 28; ix. 32, etc.).

They uniformly speak of the Christian being "delivered from

the Law," the Decalogue included (Rom. vii. 6, 7), which Decalogue, though "written and engraven in stones," was thus entirely "done away" (2 Corinth. iii. 7).

In the most explicit and impervious terms, they affirm that the Sabbath days "were the mere shadow of things to come" (Coloss. ii. 16); an obsolete "ordinance" which had been "blotted out" by the new covenant; and they strongly condemn their "observance" (Gal. iv. 10) as among the "beggary elements" of Jewish bondage.

Thus they decide obedience to the Fourth Commandment, and the "estimation" of its Sabbath, to be a "weakness in the faith" (Rom. xiv. 1, 5), even while placing it on the broad ground of the liberty of private judgement, and the right of each to act in conformity with his own persuasions.

W. B. T.

If other papers, weekly or daily, would publish these six propositions, which state with perfect accuracy the doctrine of Scripture respecting Sabbath observance, they would confer a great benefit upon vast numbers of readers, who now feel guilty every Sunday while doing perfectly innocent and unobjectionable things, because their consciences have been perverted by false teaching respecting this subject.

EXAMINER.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your reference, some weeks ago, to the magazine called *Putnam's Monthly*, a warm eulogy of that publication (since re-echoed in many quarters) was followed by the enquiry, "Why, then, did it fail?"

Special occupation has prevented me from sooner acknowledging, as seemed fit, your appreciative suggestion for the revival of the periodical alluded to, urged, as it has been, by other judicious advisers. These spontaneous suggestions from such sources are gratifying and valuable, whatever may prove to be practicable in regard to the main business in question, and an enterprise thus encouraged and promoted ought to be successful.

I trouble you with this note, however, merely to say that as a matter of business statistics I do not admit the inference which your question implies. *Putnam's Monthly*—as such—did not "fail," at least it would not so appear from figures which I quote from a brief record of its career.

The first edition of the first number was ten thousand. . . . The demand at once exhausted the successive editions, after the second number was issued, until the regular editions consisted of 30,000 copies. Of several numbers 35,000 were printed.

This number is believed to have been largely in advance of any original magazine, resting wholly on its literary merits, ever issued before, either in this country or in Europe. In its palmiest days *Blackwood* never claimed more than 9,000; and *The New Monthly*, *Fraser*, *Metropolitan*, etc., from 750 to 4,000. The subsequent issues of the *Cornhill* and other English magazines, adopting the American system of low prices, reached much larger figures—even 100,000, it is said—and our own *Harper's* (unrivalled in its department) has issued even more; but *Putnam's Monthly*, in its own sphere, is believed to have exceeded in circulation any similar work previously issued.

When our successors in the publication (Messrs. Dix, Edwards & Co.) made, in 1855, an unsolicited proposal to purchase the magazine, the circulation and statistics were fully exhibited and the price offered and actually paid for what was, practically, only the "good-will" was \$11,000. Five volumes had been issued. The new publishers produced five more, in a similar character, under the editorship of Mr. Curtis. Troubles in other business then caused the transfer of the magazine to Mr. Emerson and Mr. Oakes Smith successively. Merged in other very different publications of a cheap and popular style, the original *Monthly* oozed out like the Rhine in the sands of Holland; but so long as it retained its original character the circulation continued to be profitable, and it was therefore emphatically a success and not a failure. Thus much is due to the truth of history.

I may be permitted to add that the substantial excellence and permanent value of much of its contents is indicated by the fact that out of the first five or six volumes, no less than twenty-one separate works have been already issued in book form, while many other articles have been collected in the works of their several authors.

Among these authors were Bryant, Cooper, Cozzens, Curtis, Dana, De Vere, Godwin, Herbert, Hildreth, Higginson, Mrs. Kirkland, Lieber, Longfellow, Lowell, Lunt, Legare, Mackie, Melville, Mitchell, O'Brien, Olmsted, Perkins, Ripley, Miss Sedgwick, Stoddard, Simms, Swinton, Taylor, Thoreau, Tuckerman, Tomes, R. G. White, etc., etc. Yours respectfully, G. W. P.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1867.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Like yourself, I have been very much edified by the letters published in THE ROUND TABLE of March 30 in reply to my "singularly unhappy" remarks on *Macbeth*, published in a previous number of your journal.

It seems that, unlike Falstaff, I am neither witty myself nor the cause of wit in others. For myself, I must be resigned; but for my two critics, Messrs. Alex. F. Irving and S. A. McKeever, I can only recommend them to God's mercy. They must have found life somewhat burdensome since the 30th of March. Were I indeed, as Mr. Irving surmises, "to be found somewhere in the outskirts of the profession of surgery," I should make all haste to offer my professional services to both of these gentlemen, for the performance of that operation by means of which, according to Sidney Smith, the perception of a joke is made possible for minds of a certain national type.

As it is, I can do no more than thank them for the interest they have taken in my little attempt upon Shakespeare, and I should be pleased to know, if the question

be not too "frivolous," how they propose to make their peace with Mr. Moon? Respectfully,

G. HURLBUT.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29, 1867.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: We regret very much that you make such an unnecessary display of venomous playfulness and "severe untruth" in giving the credit of publication of our new book, *The Birth of Pleasure*, to the Bible Society, when that society is nowhere mentioned, either upon the title-page, or in the prefatory note, or in the body of the book.

Again, we regret to damage your diction and critical acumen (or joke, as A. Ward wouldn't say), but we must do it; therefore please make the correction, by scraping off the "saucy" and exposing the goose as she should be.

Yours truly,

JAMES PORTEUS, Publisher,

Bible House, N. Y.

NEW YORK, May 23, 1867.

[We have much pleasure in "exposing the goose," as Mr. Porteus desires. His address as he gives it, which in the imprint of the work referred to is identical with that appended to his note, except that the latter substitutes "Publisher" for "General Agent," explains the misconception of which he complains.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

MISCELLANEA.

RAILROAD MORTALITY.

UNDER a law of New Jersey the railway corporations of that state are required to report annually to the Legislature the casualties to human life or limb which occur upon their respective roads. These reports are made every winter for the year ending the preceding January. By the reports of last winter it appears that during the year 1866 there were killed outright seventy-nine persons on the following roads:

New Jersey Central,	23
Camden and Amboy,	10
Freehold and Jamesburg,	1
Camden and Burlington,	1
West Jersey,	1
Camden and Atlantic,	2
Raritan and Delaware Bay,	2
New Jersey,	17
Morris and Essex,	13
Northern,	3
Paterson and Ramapo,	6
Belvidere Delaware,	1
Total,	79

Supposing that this year might have been peculiarly fatal, we turned to the reports of the same roads for 1865, and found that during that year they had killed ninety persons; beside these were a large number of persons reported as seriously wounded during the same year.

The roads above named are in the aggregate less than seven hundred miles long. Assuming that they are managed with as much care, prudence, and foresight against accidents as any roads in the country, they give us a guide by which to arrive at a result for all the states. If in New Jersey, under the best of management, eleven persons yearly are killed outright for every hundred miles of railroad, how many are killed annually throughout the country? It is stated in *The American Journal of Mining* that there are 51,000 miles of steam railway in the United States. By the New Jersey ratio, therefore, the annual railroad mortality of the country amounts to the fearful number of 5,600.

But it may be said that the New Jersey roads are used by many more daily trains than the average of the railroads of the country, and that therefore the accidents are more numerous upon them. It is not clear either that this is the fact or, if it is, that the result would be materially altered. On but three of the New Jersey roads, the Camden and Amboy, the New Jersey, and the New Jersey Central, can the travel be said to be large. The rest are little more than neighborhood ways, and not at all crowded with travel. Even if it were, it is fair to presume that increased responsibility produces increased care, and that the roads which carry the most passengers take the best precautions against accidents, and that, consequently, in proportion to the increase in passengers carried, the danger to the public diminishes.

Some thirty or forty years ago the loss of life upon the western waters, by the frequent explosion of steamboat boilers, was very great, although it never approximated to the present fearful loss by railroads. The frequency of these dreadful occurrences so impressed the public mind that Congress intervened to provide a remedy. The salutary legislation which followed had the effect of greatly reducing the number of casualties, until at last their occurrence is rare. As we have argued elsewhere, similar legislation should follow in the matter of railways.

MR. HARRISON, of Steinway Hall, has made very extensive arrangements for his "Festival" which begins with next Monday night. He has engaged a large number of celebrated professionals to give all possible *éclat* to the occasion, and the orchestra will be, it is said, the finest yet gathered together in New York. The selection of music for the various performances is a very imposing one indeed, and the coming occasion promises in all respects to be one of great brilliancy and remarkable enjoyment. The best way to enjoy the festival is to engage secured seats for the whole course, and this we hear great numbers of our music-loving population are now doing. The performance of Monday will consist of Handel's noble work *The Messiah*.

LITERARIANA.

THE most attractive volume to lovers of autographs we have ever seen is *The Autographic Mirror*, two large volumes of lithographic fac-similes of the chirography of great and notorious men in all walks of life—kings, statesmen, generals, writers, divines, artists, actors, savants—all those whom we meet in literature and history. To attempt to give the scope of the work would be a hopeless struggle with *l'embarras des richesses*, and we shall content ourselves perforce with haphazard selections. Royal personages, from the execrable scrawl of Queen Elizabeth to the bold, beautiful, Italian signature of Queen Victoria, are largely represented, especially conspicuous from its proportions and its almost copper-plate regularity being the *Magna Charta*. First among men of letters comes a dedication written in Greek and Latin by Joannes Miltones (*sic*) to Christophoro Arnoldo, "Doctissimo Viro," the Greek in it being contracted beyond recognition. Shakespeare autographs are abundant, as are those of his contemporaries and successors, but we pass nearer to our own times. Charlotte Brontë is represented only by the superscription of a letter to her father, Charles Lamb, writing to we know not whom, says:

"Calamy is good reading. Mary is always thankful for Books in her way. I won't trouble you for any in my way"—above which is interpolated as an afterthought, "yet, having enough to read. Young Hazlitt," he adds, "lives, at least his father does, at 3 or 36 [36] I have it down, with the 6 scratch'd out] Bouverie Street, Fleet Street."

On the next page we have a note from George Cruikshank to William Hayward about proofs of etchings for the *Comic Almanac*, wherein we read, "You will please to observe that some years back—Mr. Thackeray wrote a description of my etchings—in the 'Westminster Review'—and in order to illustrate—his observations—he inserted some wood blocks," etc. The fourth page of the paper having been left blank, the artist has filled it with a baker's dozen of outlines of heads, faces, and figures—some mere suggestions, two comparatively finished. The allusion to Thackeray introduces him in not inappropriate company, for we have the inimitable fac-simile illustrations of the career of Dionysius Diddler, "young, innocent, and with a fine head of hair,"—this chronicle having been designed as a contribution to *The Whitey Brown Paper Magazine*: a subsequent illustration represents the hero soliloquizing, "Look at me with all me luggage at the end of me stick—all me money in me left-hand breeches pocket—and it's oh! but I'd give all me celebrity for a bowl of butter-milk and potatoes": on the margin of the picture is this note: "Dear B. I want a copy of Walpole's letters and will have one if you choose to take it out in writing. Yrs &c. W. M. Thackeray—". Another of his notes accompanies his delightful nonsense ballad of *The Three Sailors*, and gives this estimate of it: "Dear Bevan. I don't like the looks of the ballad at all in print but if you please prefer to have it in this way exactly. 'Be blowed' would never do in a printed ballad of Yours very truly, W. M. Thackeray."

To remain among the artists. A letter of Rubens accompanies a singularly bold large crayon sketch of himself. Next we come to a letter from Hablot K. Brown, thus:

"My Dear Sir,
"My better half is charmed with my Head! and thinks it quite a Capital likeness—she carries it about up stairs & down stairs, all over the House, to test different lights &c.—I think she must be trying experiments in polarization of light.—I suggest she had better wear it as a Shawl Brooch—I think I must make a sketch of her as Herodias walking about with John the Baptist's Head in a charger—(to some, perhaps, it might suggest a tempting dish of Calf's Head!)—But with all this show of affection, she has just declared her determination to hang me! and grumbles because I am (of course) rather slow in providing a nail for the horrid purpose!"

"The preparations are now going on!! I—I feel quite resigned to my sad fate—(thank you!) and only hope that I shall be strung up in the most approved Jack-Ketchy manner."

"I remain (for 5 mins more only!)
"Yrs very truly
"H. K. Browne—"

The five minutes were employed in depicting on the foot of the third page the scene indicated by the index toward the bottom of the second—one lady, on a ladder, with crinoline scandalously displaced, driving the nail; Mrs. Browne, standing at the foot of the ladder in a tragic attitude, pointing to the portrait, at which are gazing a brisk little skye terrier and an assemblage of young Brownes—seven in number—in open-mouthed wonder, the legend which describes the several groups reading:

"Brutal, but awe-struck, pub—Jack Ketch & assistant—my faithful Dog."

Thus we have John Leech:

"With much pleasure if I possibly can—of course you will not wait for me a moment—I am in doubt about getting an [Sketch]
"Oss
"Yours Faithfully
John Leech."

The sketch is one of those inimitable delineations of the relics of a hunter in which Leech is unapproached—rude, hurried, half-finished, a mass of blot and blur, it yet gives a truer presentment of the poor old "oss" than half-a-day's labor of another artist could do. It is strange, by the way, that, so far as we have observed, the writing of all these eminent artists, whose hands we should expect to be firm and precise, is detestable, sometimes nearly illegible, with the sole exception of Thackeray, between whose notes and those of Campbell it is difficult to determine which shall claim the merit of the most beautiful manuscript in the collection. But the most horrible page, one to which we imagine a printer would prefer one of Mr. Greeley's, is a leaf from the MS. of Wilkie Collins's *Armadale*, obliterated, revised, interlined, until one wonders whether the writer himself

could tell what it is about, though the original words are clear enough.

We have strayed longer than we intended among delightful *souvenirs* of which it is impossible to weary. Not a recent English writer or poet of eminence seems to be omitted—presenting himself sometimes in a scrap from a business or familiar note, sometimes in the first much-corrected copy of a famous poem, whence we may learn more of its meaning than from volumes of commentary or controversy. The book is a treasure hard to overestimate—the more so from its extreme rarity, less than a hundred copies, we believe, having composed the entire edition, while of these we know of none other in this country than the one through which we have had the pleasure of glancing.

MAPLE SEEDS.

Curious things with odd-shaped wings
The sweet May-time to the maple brings,
Over our heads
On slender threads
Idly flapping their crimson wings.
Each tiny pair suspended there,
Swaying about in the soft spring air,
Seems to the eye
Longing to try
Its wings abroad in the azure air.
And as I lie, with half-shut eye,
Watching their futile efforts to fly,
Other fair things
Soon to have wings
Rise unbidden before mine eye.
Sweet souls and dear, far off and near,
Whose final farewell we daily fear,
As over the grave
They way and wave,
By every care-gust driven more near.
From this life's things, its thorns and stings,
Longing to haste with heavenward wings,
Waiting to die,
Waiting to fly—
Only waiting to use their wings.
Comes twilight grey and clears away
The misty dreams that over me stray;
Nought now I see
Save the maple-tree
With its winged seeds for ever at play.

E. PIERREPONT.

MAY 20, 1867.

A STEP of some importance in the history of religious newspapers has been taken by *The Church Union*, which, in its last number, in a somewhat verbose leading article entitled *Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon*, announces the resolve of its publishers to admit no more advertisements to its columns. Of course, it is not to be expected that its example will be generally followed. To a majority of its religious contemporaries it would be simply impossible to forego a revenue which, though limited enough, makes all the difference between continued, though feeble and sometimes incomprehensible, life and certain extinction. But the mooted of the principle at issue can hardly fail to direct attention to the practice of many publications which claim a religious "mission" yet do not scruple to admit to their columns advertisements of the more scandalous kinds, and to seek them by expedients that it would be difficult to reconcile with the dictates of ordinary honesty, much more with the professions of piety that stand *vis-à-vis* with puff-blasts—ostensibly by the editors—of wars about which they know nothing. As to *The Church Union*, it certainly deserves respect for what is a heavy pecuniary sacrifice made in obedience to a principle, although many will think it an exaggerated one. One of its explanations, that the space gained enables to make a more varied family paper, is entirely untenable, for the reason that, as in most journals of its kind, the ministerial practice of excessive dilution and attenuation so pervades its columns that the plith of an entire issue might be comprised within one of its pages, to the no small profit and comfort of its readers. Nevertheless, in this respect *The Church Union* deserves no more blame than its fellows, while it deserves a praise solely its own for the stand it now takes—one, we may hope without incredulity, that shall in no way cripple efforts made with a force and gallantry—perhaps we can yet say with tact and delicacy—thoroughly admirable.

MR. R. BARNWELL RHETT is collecting materials, according to the prevalent custom, for a history of the war.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, it now seems, does not intend publishing a novel, as was rumored.

MR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH is understood to be writing a poem on the battle of Monmouth.

MISS ADELAIDE WOOD, of New Orleans, is spoken of by the southern papers as a new writer of great talent whose literary efforts have, as yet, taken only the form of contributions to magazines, but from whom we may soon expect something more ambitious.

As a supplement to our last week's mention of Mr. William Carew Hazlitt's new memoir of his grandfather, we quote from the correspondence of *The Evening Gazette* the following scrap from the grandfather's history:

"The Rev. William Hazlitt, father of the celebrated essayist, came from England to this country in 1788, just after the close of the Revolutionary war. He landed at New York, went to Philadelphia, where he preached fifteen months, and then removed to Boston. While in Massachusetts, he spent some time at Weymouth, as a guest of the Rev. William Smith (the father of Mrs. John Adams), and also visited Hingham, and preached in the old meeting-house for the Rev. Dr. Gray, who was then pastor of the first parish, and approaching ninety years of age. Mr. Hazlitt had with him a boy seven or eight years old, a daughter somewhat older, and a son who was a portrait painter. The younger son used to go into the pulpit with his father, and the daughter sat in the minister's pew. There was some talk of settling Mr. Hazlitt as a colleague with Dr. Gray, but the project received no encouragement from the doctor, and it was abandoned. The son who sat in the pulpit was the essayist; the daughter was Miss Peggy Hazlitt, who afterwards became a successful essayist in *old*, and was a good flower painter. The oldest son (John Hazlitt) painted portraits in Hingham, and among them those of prominent citizens—Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, the Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D.D., Col. Nathan Rice, Dr. Joshua Barker, and others. The

Rev. William Hazlitt returned to England in 1786 or 1787, his Unitarian principles not being at that time popular in the capital of New England."

MESSRS HILTON & Co. have in *The Athenæum* a tart letter about Mr. Maxwell, Miss Braddon, *What is this Mystery?* and the *Sunday Mercury* novel that occasioned the revival of the fuss some months ago. The letter throws no new light on the matter, and is chiefly remarkable for a queer passage which will be understood by those who remember Miss Braddon's justifiable displeasure at having *What is this Mystery?* advertised as her "latest and best." "We regret," say the Messrs. Hilton, "that Miss Braddon or her friend should be compelled to protest against our critical judgement (*sic*) as to the work reprinted by us being 'her latest and best.'" It is hard to see what "critical judgement" has to do with the description of an author's earliest books as her latest; but, on the other hand, it is pleasant to find that the verdict originally attributed to *The Athenæum* is at last claimed by the publishers as their own "critical judgement."

DON D. F. SARMIENTO, Minister of the Argentine Republic, proposes issuing at intervals a pamphlet entitled *Ambas Americas*. The object of the publication, which will be printed in Spanish, is to increase our knowledge of South America, and especially of the valley of the La Plata. If successful, the pamphlet will, we presume, become a regularly published magazine.

AMONG the works whose publication is intended by the Camden Society are: A second volume of *Documents Connected with James the First's Relations with Germany*, to be edited by Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner; A *Narrative of Proceedings in the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission in the Year 1632*, to be edited by Mr. John Bruce; A *Spanish Account of the Proposed Marriage between Charles Prince of Wales and the Infanta*, by Francesco de Jesus, from an original MS., to be translated and edited by Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner; besides which there are others of less historical importance.

AMONG new English books of interest are: *English Writers from Chaucer to Dunbar*, by Henry Morley; *Upwards of Four Hundred Words Spelled in Two or More Ways by Different Authors*, by Prof. Sullivan, who attempts to settle their orthography; The ninth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopedia*; Mr. Tupper's third series of *Proverbial Philosophy*, which contains the author's opinions on creeds, stars, ghosts, the future of animals, and similar matters, and of which a portion is devoted to "some modern critics"; also, new forthcoming novels by W. Knox Wigram, Miss Annie Thomas, T. A. Trollope, Thomas Sutton, Joseph Hatton.

MR. ARTHUR ROSE—better known as the Mrs. Brown of *Fun* and the Arthur Sketchley of various English periodicals—has under consideration the expediency of visiting this country next winter on a tour somewhat similar to the projected one which in poor Artemus Ward's case came to so melancholy a termination. Mrs. Brown is as yet scarcely as well known here as Artemus was in England, but we have little doubt the entertainment—which, we are told, carries Mrs. Brown to Paris—would be vastly popular.

It is said that efforts are being made by able journalists to revive *The Reader*, a review that deserved a very different reputation from that secured for it by its hapless and fatal slip respecting *Johnson's Dictionary*. There seems, however, to be rather a plethora of journals of this class, *The Chronicle* and *Imperial Review* having recently been added to those previously existing, and we cannot see how another can be needed.

MISS JEAN INGELOW—for whose new book, *My Chosen Friends*, we may look as soon as its publication in England is completed—has postponed until fall the issue of her new volume of poems, which was made ready for the press two years ago, but withheld from the author's distrust of its merits and her desire to complete a revision to which she is giving much of her time.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, as the Cable has announced, died last week, at the age of seventy-five. His reputation in this country rested chiefly upon his *History of Europe*, originally covering the period of the French Republic and First Empire—1789 to 1815—but recently extended to Louis Napoleon's accession in 1852, while a further addition was in preparation which would have embraced the Crimean war. Sir Archibald Alison, by profession a jurist, was an extreme high Tory, an incumbent of lucrative sinecures, a conservative of the kind which regards the present with apprehension and despair, and, naturally, an ardent partisan of the Confederacy.

DR. M'CRIE, eminent among the United Presbyterians of England and one of the professors in their college at London, has been forced by failing health to abandon his professional and ministerial labors. Although he still continues his editorial connection with *The British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, he is threatened with blindness, which renders it doubtful whether he can complete the *Life of Calvin* with which he intended to follow his *Life of John Knox*, published some years ago.

MR. YOUNG—the poet whose effusions excited recently the mirth of Parliament and afforded a fertile theme for the witticisms of what he probably considers the *animalecules* and *infusoria* of the critical press—is to retain his pension of £40 a year. Mr. Disraeli admitted that it was granted through an "inadvertence," but says that he will not cancel it until Lord Derby and he have read Mr. Young's poems, which *The Spectator* suggests is "a new and very humorous equivalent for the Greek Kalends." Mr. Bright suggested that "the money did not signify," whereupon Major Myles O'Reilly (!) withdrew the motion for depriving him, whereupon Mr. J. M. Ludlow begs, and is seconded by *The Spectator* and other journals, that Lord Derby make his peace with literary men by granting a pension to the widow and eight—possibly nine—children of the late Charles H. Bennett, the

artist, whose death left them entirely unprovided, even the copyrights of his works belonging to *Punch* and other publications.

A NOTABLE circumstance which escaped observation on this side of the water was the fact that on the 29th or 30th of April just two hundred years had passed from the day on which Milton gave his receipt for the £5 that bought the copyright of *Paradise Lost*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE: *

SIR: In turning over some old papers lately I lighted upon the following epitaphs, which I consider rather unique in their way. They are not new, perhaps, but worth reprinting:

I.
"Here lies Job Valentine
(A particular friend of mine).
Aged about sixty-nine.
None of your Pharaoh's lean kine,
A workman in the preaching line
Was he, when death cut his twine.
Tho' his sermons were not very fine,
He was no Jew, for he eat swine;
Turk neither, for he loved wine;
No dandy, for he could not shine;
Nor Quaker, for he had no spirit;
Nor Catholic, for he had no merit.
During forty years he preached and lied,
For which God damned him when he died.

II.
"Here lies Jack Core,
Well, I'll say no more—
Only I'll observe that he was alive
In 1823.
In 1826
He had almost crossed the River Styx;
In 1827
He was striving hard to go to heaven;
In 1828
He went the other way quite straight.

III.
"Under this old moss-covered stone
Lies poor, skinny Michael Donne,
Who died in 1701.
Pray for the soul of poor Michael Donne!
But, it now being 1861,
You may pray if you choose, or let it alone,
Because I reckon 'twill all be one
For the same poor, skinny Michael Donne,
Who died in 1701."

Can any of your readers tell me their origin? I have either forgotten or never knew. QUIEN SABE?

CAMBRIDGE, May 13, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Here is rather an unsatisfactory solution to your querist's Latin epitaph. It makes sense, but is hardly to be reconciled grammatically:

"Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse, quod esse.
Esse quod est, non esse, quod est, non est, erit esse."

Esse and *est* may be from either *sum* or *edo*. Using both, I translate thus:

That which was to perish, that perishes; that which was not to perish, that exists.

The existence of that which perishes cannot be,

That which exists does not perish but will exist for ever.

Yours, etc., ANON.

LOWELL, May 11, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The quotation in the last number of *THE ROUND TABLE* commencing "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;" is to be found in *Festus*, a dramatic poem by Philip James Bailey, first published in London in 1839 and reprinted in this country.

Yours always, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: May I enquire through your columns if any of your readers have ever met a work called *Beckman on Islands*? Such a work certainly exists, though I cannot find it in any catalogue.

NEW YORK, May 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Is Byron's grammar correct in this line, which I find in the *Child's Harold*?

"For this in such as him seemed strange of mood?"
Should not it be rather "such as he"? The rule regarding the case to be used with "than" is clear enough—the same case after as before—"I like you better than him"; that concerning "such as" and "so as" is not so definite. Again, which is more correct, "so-as" or "as-as"? And should not the negative particle "not," in interrogative clauses, immediately follow the auxiliary, as above—"should not it be" instead of "should it not be"? Otherwise, how do we get the contraction, "shouldn't it be," and the like?

Pardon these seemingly trivial questions. In this out-of-the-way corner we have not the facilities for obtaining information that a metropolis affords. Respectfully, PIONEER.

DENVER CITY, May 6, 1867.

"So-as" and "as-as" are sometimes synonymous and therefore interchangeable, sometimes of different significations. Each is correct in its place. For the second question, let "Pioneer" experiment a little with slight modifications of the phrase,—"c, g, 'Should he, or should he not?' or, 'Should he, or should not he?'"—and he will doubtless conclude that, while the latter expression is correct enough, it is stilted and pedantic.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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